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# A FAMILY STORY

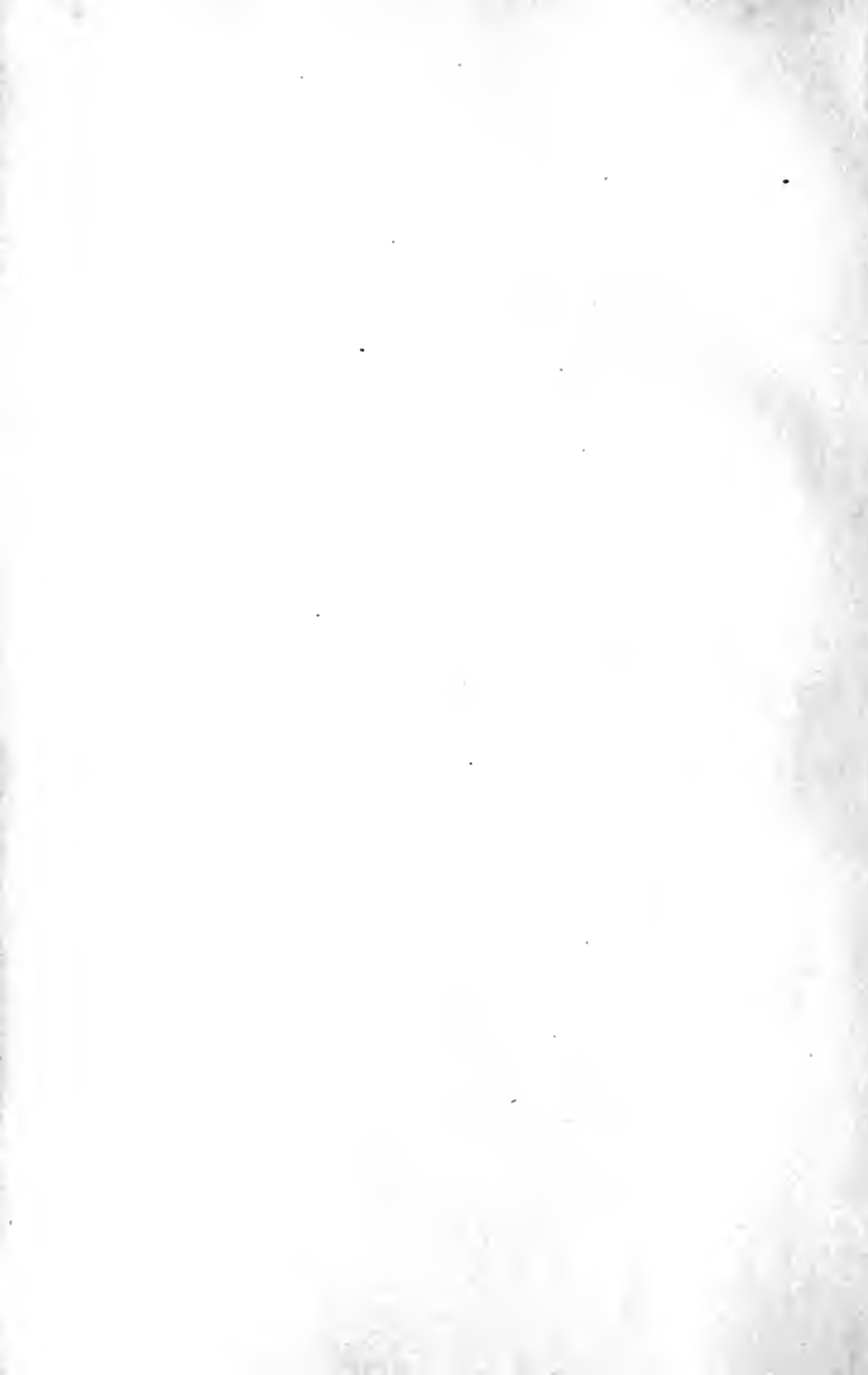
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# A FAMILY STORY.



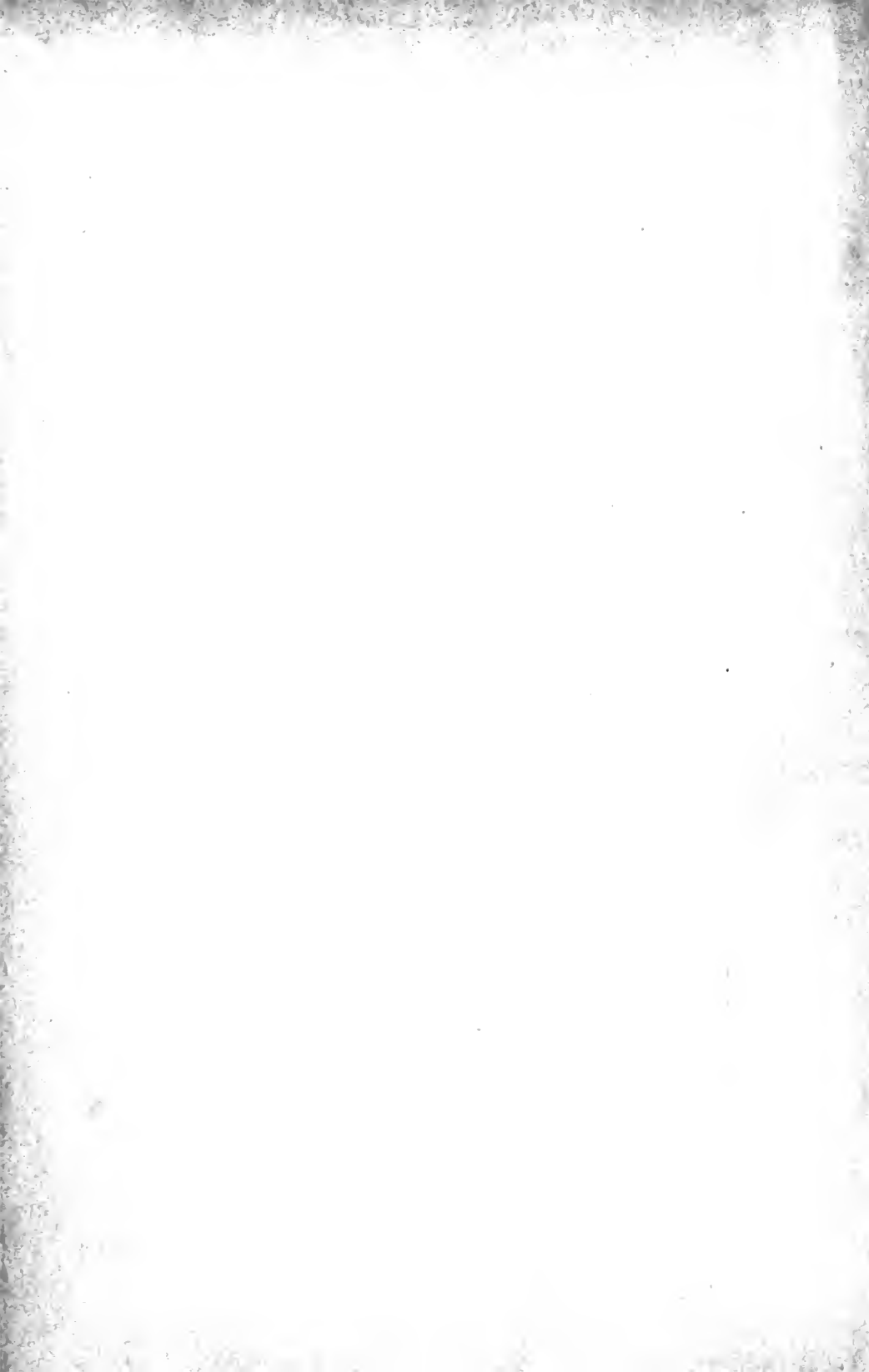
*"All just praise to those who have lived wisely and well, is really praise to Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."*



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To my brother Edward.



## A FAMILY STORY.

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IN the Robinson Genealogy compiled by my brother Edward and published in 1870, he has given a careful description of the Robinson Estates, situated in Dorchester, Massachusetts. Of them he says, "Two estates in Dorchester were in former times identified with the history of the Robinson Family. The first of these was the ancestral home, descending in the male line until about the close of the last century, when in the division of the inheritance, it passed into the hands of female branches, and eventually away from the family."

When William Robinson, gentleman, (3d in descent from our ancestor William the immigrant; William,<sup>4</sup> Samuel,<sup>8</sup> Samuel, William<sup>1</sup>) whose gravestone may be seen in the old cemetery in Dorchester, died suddenly in 1761, he left no will. Among his effects were noted a Negroman named Tom, valued at £6, and two other slaves, a man and woman. The real estate remaining at his death consisted of the mansion, with "great barn" and other buildings; eighty acres of pasture west of the house; twenty-six acres of mowing land and "orcharding" south of the house; ten acres of mowing land at the north; thirteen acres of salt marsh; one acre and a half of orchard "near the late Mr. Davenport's"; a wood lot of fifteen acres at Dedham; twelve acres of woodland at Hill's meadow; eight acres near Jackson's mill; sixteen acres in Horse Shoe Swamp; twelve acres and over in Machapaug Swamp, and eight acres of "Sheep Pasture."

The widow Anne received her thirds of this goodly estate. Lemuel, as eldest son, a double share, and each of the remaining children a seventh. After the death of the widow her share was divided between her surviving children. She lived until 1792; after the death of William Robinson she had married Benjamin Beale of Quincy.

Lemuel, the eldest son of William and Anne Robinson, lived with his maternal grandparents, Thomas and Zebiah (Royall) Trott, from childhood. The old people whose son Lemuel died unmarried soon after graduating from Harvard College in 1730, and whose two daughters were both married and settled in homes of their own, would have been alone had they not taken this son of the younger daughter Anne to cheer their house, in which as years brought him to manhood, he became their staff and stay. To this little dwelling he brought in due time his young wife Jerusha Minot, and here was born in 1760, a year preceding the death of his father William Robinson, his eldest child Anne, giving a great-granddaughter to the Trotts.

In 1762 the grandfather Trott died, leaving in his will all his real estate, with the exception of life interests to his wife Zebiah, to this grandson Lemuel. The estate which Thomas Trott had inherited from *his* grandfather Thomas Trott (Thomas,<sup>1</sup> Thomas,<sup>2</sup> Thomas<sup>3</sup>) was situated upon the "Upper Road" south of Ashmont St., extending as far as the present Carruth St. This "handsome estate," with the addition of Lemuel's share of his father's estate, constituted a large property and made Lemuel an extensive land owner; and this Trott and Robinson property is what we will call the "Second Robinson Estate," to distinguish it from the estate divided at William Robinson's death.

Lemuel erected, upon the site of his father's house, a long building known in later years as "the barracks," to house the many laborers employed by him in tilling his land; this building was still standing in my childhood. He was an exceedingly able, active man, and did not confine his energies to the management of his estate. In 1768-9, and again in 1771, he was Town Surveyor; was commissioned captain in the militia in 1772, later colonel, and was Selectman, and again Surveyor in 1773-4; Representative in 1774, and the same year a member of the Artillery Company; in 1775 was made Moderator of the Selectmen.

But we must pause awhile to consider the momentous events of 1774, with which the life of Lemuel Robinson was deeply concerned, and the records of his connection with public events. The most memorable event which ever occurred in Milton was the meeting there of the Suffolk County Convention, held in September, 1774. Early in that year, Massachusetts Colony having

suffered beyond further endurance, a meeting was called of all the towns of Suffolk County, which then embraced all Norfolk County, to consider active measures of resistance to the exactions of the Crown and to the infringements of the liberties of the colonies.

As it was unsafe to hold the meeting in Boston, it was decided to assemble at Doty's tavern in Stoughton on April 16, 1774. The house where this meeting took place was standing in 1887, and perhaps is still existant. As the towns were not all represented and some of the delegates were not authorized to act for their county, the meeting was adjourned to Sept. 6, to meet at the house of Richard Woodward, inn-holder in Dedham. At this latter date the delegates to the number of sixty, from the nineteen towns of Suffolk County, assembled in Dedham. Gen. Joseph Warren was made chairman of a large committee to make suitable resolves, and to report on September 9th, at the house of Daniel Vose in Milton, to which time and place the convention was adjourned. This house, at the foot of Milton Hill, is known in later years as the House of the Suffolk Resolves.

Here, then, the committee met as by adjournment on the 9th of September, 1774, with a full roll of delegates, when Gen. Joseph Warren presented that remarkable paper, the Suffolk Resolves, which was read paragraph by paragraph, and adopted by the convention there assembled. As we read carefully this paper of bold statements and resolutions, we can but admire and wonder at the high courage of the men who framed these resolves and solemnly signed them. In later years it has been said that "the Suffolk Resolves lighted the match that kindled the mighty conflagration."

The convention further voted that the following gentlemen, Joseph Warren, Esq., and Dr. Benjamin Church of Boston; Deacon Joseph Palmer and Colonel Ebenezer Mayer of Braintree; *Captain Lemuel Robinson*, William Holden, Esq., and Captain John Homans of Dorchester; Capt. William Heath of Roxbury; Col. Wm. Tayler and Dr. Samuel Gardner of Milton; Isaac Gardner, Esq., Capt. Benj. White and Capt. Thomas Aspinwall of Brookline; Nathaniel Sumner, Esq., and Richard Woodward of Dedham, be a committee to wait on his Excellency the Governor, to inform him that this county is alarmed at the fortifications making on Boston Neck, and to remonstrate against the same,

and the repeated insults offered by the soldiery to persons passing and repassing into that town ; and to confer with him upon these subjects. Attest : WILLIAM THOMPSON, *Clerk*.

Paul Revere was chosen as the messenger to proceed to Philadelphia and present the resolves to the Continental Congress, then in session there. They were read on the 17th of Sept. and received with great enthusiasm ; the report spread throughout the colonies, and was soon transmitted to England, creating immense surprise and sensation.

On May 18th of 1774, a few weeks after delegates were chosen by the town of Dorchester to attend the convention for Suffolk County, spoken of above,\* Capt. Lemuel Robinson was appointed to act as representative of Dorchester at the General Court to be held at Salem. He was authorized to meet the other representatives "to act upon such matters as might come before that body, in such a manner as may appear to him conducive to the true interests of their town and province, and most likely to preserve the liberties of all America."

Gen. Gage, according to custom, on Sept. 1, 1774, summoned the "great and general court" to meet at Salem on Oct. 5 ; but alarmed by the preparations to resist usurpations of chartered rights and by the patriotic instructions of the people to their delegates, the governor countermanded the summons for the meeting of the assembly.

Ninety of the representatives, however, assembled on Oct. 5th at Salem, and "after respectfully awaiting the governor's attendance during that day," organized a convention to meet the following day, with John Hancock as chairman and Benj. Lincoln clerk.

At this meeting (Oct. 6th), the members resolved themselves into a Provincial Congress, which on Oct. 7th met to proceed to business. On this day Dorchester was represented by Capt. Lemuel Robinson ; Milton by Capt. David Ranson and Mr. James Boice ; Bellingham by Mr. Luke Holbrook.

The formation of this body followed the meeting of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia by about a month, and it was the first regularly organized body assembled in any of the states which assumed legislative powers of a revolutionary character.

\* Good Old Dorchester, p. 130. Dorchester Town Records, viii, p. 435.

In the records of this Provincial Congress we find the name of Col. Robinson as follows :

Oct. 12. Ordered : "that Hon. John Hancock, Dr. Warren, Capt. Robinson and nine others be a committee to take into consideration the state of the province, and report as soon as may be."

Oct. 24. "Ordered : that the report of the committee appointed to consider what is necessary to be done for the safety and defence of the province be recommitted for further amendments, and that Capt. Robinson, Maj. Foster, Capt. Bragden and Mr. Gerry be added to the committee."

Nov. 25.

"Ordered : that Dr. Holten, Col. Foster and Col. Robinson be a committee to inquire what number of the constitutional councillors are now in town."

Nov. 25.

"Resolved : that Dr. Holten, Col. Foster, Col. Robinson, Capt. Baldwin and Mr. Cushing be a committee to wait on such gentlemen of his majesty's constitutional council of this province, who are now in town at the request of this Congress and acquaint them that this Congress respectfully acknowledge their cheerful attendance, but will not be ready to offer any matters for their advice until a quorum of that honorable board shall appear, and which is soon expected ; and in the mean time a seat is provided for them in this house, if they shall see cause to be present."

\* From Col. Pierce's Diary, we learn that on the 17th of this same November, "the officers of this regiment met at Stoughton to choose their field officers. Chosen for the same, Lemuel Robinson, Deacon Gill and Joshua Vose."

This brings us to the end of what we glean from printed records through 1774.

#### JANUARY OF 1775.

Journals of the Committees of Safety and Supplies of the Provincial Congress.

At a meeting of the committees at the house of Mrs. Whittemore of Charlestown, on Thursday, 5th of January, 1775 :

\* Old Dorchester, p. 161.

"Voted that Dr. Warren be desired to wait on Col. Robinson, to desire him to deliver to any person Deacon Cheever shall send, two brass cannon, and two seven inch mortars and beds."

The Provincial Congress met at Cambridge, Feb. 1, 1775. On the 4th of this month, "Ordered: that the secretary be directed to write to Col. Robinson, desiring him to deliver the four brass field pieces and the two brass mortars now in his hands, the property of the province, to the order of the committee of safety."

This Congress adjourned Feb. 16, to meet at Concord March 22d.

On Feb. 3d, 1775, being the day before Congress passed the above order, the Committees of Safety and Supplies meeting at Cambridge at the home of Capt. Ebenezer Stedman voted unanimously "that the six pounders that were formerly voted to be procured be passed by—" and a unanimous vote followed, "that the two pieces of brass cannon in the care of Capt. Robinson, and \* *the two pieces of cannon that were taken out of Boston*, be included in the sixteen that were voted."

At a meeting of these committees at Capt. Stedman's on Feb. 13th, 1775,

"Voted: that the committee of supplies be desired to purchase all the powder they can, upon the best terms they can.

"Voted: that Capt. White and Col. Lincoln be a committee to wait on Col. Robinson and receive from him the four brass field pieces and three brass mortars, now in his hands, the property of the province, and as soon as may be, remove them to the town of Concord, and they are to inform him that the committee agree, in case of a rupture with the troops that the said field pieces shall be for the use of the artillery companies in Boston and Dorchester, and if matters are settled without rupture, said field pieces are to be returned to said Robinson."

Feb. 25, 1775.

"At Capt. Stedman's. By the two committees, that the following colonels have each two field pieces put into their hands, by the committee of supplies, viz.: Col. Gardner of Cambridge, Col. Mitchel of Bridgewater, Col. Warren of Plymouth, Col. Heath of Roxbury, Col. Ward of Shrewsbury, Col. Foster of

• The italics are mine.



Brookfield, *Col. Robinson* of Dorchester, and two for the use of the artillery Co. of Boston, lately commanded by Col. Paddock.

Dorchester records tell us that in March of 1775, the town passed a vote requiring every inhabitant capable of performing military duty to assemble on a certain day with arms and ammunition in order to have a body of men to be called upon at a minute's notice. This composed Dorchester's portion of the body known as "Minute Men."

Returning to the Journals of the Committees of Safety and Supplies.

April 17, 1775, at a meeting of their committees, held at Mr. Taylor's home at Concord were present Hon. John Hancock, Esq., Col. Heath, Col. Palmer, Capt. White, Mr. Devens, Col. Gardner, Mr. Watson, Col. Orne and T. Pigeon, committee of safety; Col. Lee, Mr. Cheever, Mr. Gerry and Col. Lincoln, committee of supplies.

"Voted unanimously, that application be made to Capt. Hatch, for captain of the artillery co. for Boston, and if he refuses, to offer it to Mr. Crafts, and so on in order as they stand in the company; also that Capt. Robinson of Dorchester be applied to as captain of the company of Dorchester; and that Mr. Newhall of Charlestown be applied to, etc., etc."

On the following day, April 18th, at a meeting of the Committees of Safety and Supplies, "Voted: that two brass two pounders, and two brass three pounders, be under the care of the Boston co. of artillery, and of Capt. Robinson's company."

\* On May 31st, at night, a party under Colonel Robinson removed about five hundred (500) sheep and thirty (30) head of cattle from Pittick's Island.

On this same date (May 31, 1775) the III. Provincial Congress was convened at Watertown (dissolved July 19th), and Dorchester was represented by Col. Lemuel Robinson and Mr. James Robinson; Milton by Capt. Daniel Vose. We thus find Col. Robinson present at the Congress by day, and occupied by night in leading a venturesome party to secure provision for army needs.

June 4th, Congress resolved "that Colonel Lemuel Robinson be directed to pay the advance pay to three companies of Col.

\* Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, pp. 110-118.

Fellows' regiment which came from the county of Berkshire, out of the first money he may receive from the receiver general."

"June 6. Ordered: that the committees appointed to inquire into the circumstances of bringing four prisoners from Cambridge, be directed to make such provision for them as is necessary, till further orders from this Congress, and that Mr. Robinson be added to the committee, and that said Committee report what they think would be best to be done with them."

June 10, 1775, the Committee of Safety sent the following return in to the Provincial Congress: "In obedience to a resolve of the honorable the Provincial Congress, that the committee of safety certify to the Congress the names of such gentlemen as are candidates for the command of a regiment, with the number of privates & co. This committee now report that besides twenty gentlemen to whom they have given certificates, viz., — — — Gen. Heath took out ten sets of orders and has raised a full regiment, which has done duty in the army for several weeks, as he has informed this committee, but has made no return in writing, nor applied for a certificate; Col. Daniel Brewer has received ten sets of orders, but has made no returns, tho' we hear he has enlisted a number of men as rangers; Col. Robinson has applied to this committee for a recommendation in consequence of a petition signed by ten companies, the copy of which petition accompanies this report. The committee promised Colonel Robinson, that they would recommend him if there should be a vacancy."

### III PROVINCIAL CONGRESS, JUNE 13, 1775.

"Resolved: that Colonels Glover, Heath, David Brewer, Robinson, Woodbridge, Henshaw, Little, Jonathan Brewer, be directed by next Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, to make a true return to the Committee on the claims and pretensions of the several gentlemen claiming to be commissioned as colonels; of the number of captains, who with their respective companies, do choose to serve under the above gentlemen respectively as colonels; and of the number of men; and of the number of effective fire-arms in each company; and of the place or places where said companies are; on pain of forfeiting all pretensions to a commission of colonel, in case of making a false return."

## III CONGRESS, June 14, 1775.

"Ordered : that Colonel Robinson, Mr. Webster, Major Fuller, Capt. Holmes, and Mr. Edwards, be a committee to consider some way and means of furnishing those who are destitute of arms in the Massachusetts Army." The same date—"Resolved : that the receiver-general be and hereby is directed, to supply Colonel Robinson tomorrow, with such money of advance pay for the soldiers, as he was to have received this day."

June 15.—"Colonels Heath and Robinson have made no returns to us—nor whether they are willing to serve in the said army as colonels.

June 16.—"General Heath and Col. Robinson returned a list of their companies, and whereas there are several of the same companies returned in each, Ordered : that Mr. Batchelder, Mr. Durpee, Maj. Perley, Maj. Fuller of Middleton, Maj. Bliss, be a committee to consider and report."

(It is said that men at this time were so anxious to be enrolled that they enlisted under more than one commander to make sure of being included.)

\* Just before June 17th we find that the regiments stationed at Roxbury were those of Thomas, Learned, Fellows, Cotten, Walker, Read, Danielson, Brewer, Robinson,—93 companies, 3992 men.

## JUNE 17, 1775. III PROVINCIAL CONGRESS.

"Resolved : that the Hon. Col. Warren, Hon. Major Hawley, Hon. Col. Gerrish, Gerry, Col. Prescott, Deacon Cheever, Capt. Brown and Capt. Robinson and the secretary of the Congress, be a committee to notify and call together the members of this Congress in any extraordinary emergency, at any time, or at any other place, than (that) to which it may stand adjourned."

The following order sent out by the Committee of Safety, bears the date of June 17th, and thus explains why the Dorchester company did not take part in the Battle of Bunker Hill.

"To the Commanding Officers of the Militia in the towns of Dorchester :

Sir,—As the Troops under Gen. Gage are moving from Boston into the country, you are, on Receipt of this, immediately to

\* Frothingham.

muster the men under your Command, see them properly equipt, and march them forthwith to Roxbury.

By Order of the Committee of Safety

BENJ. WHITE, *Chairman.*

There is a tradition that Col. Robinson was in person present at the Battle of Bunker Hill and distinguished himself by the intrepidity of his bearing. It is possible that this is true, in spite of the preceding order which sent his men to Roxbury.

At this time the fortifications on Dorchester Neck were being completed. The location, which is now a part of South Boston, had attracted the attention of the British officers from the first ; but to erect fortifications there required, they thought, a larger force than they had at command ; and while they waited for reinforcements, Gen : Washington, recognizing the value of the position, immediately took steps to secure it—a foresight on his part which undoubtedly saved Boston from destruction. Washington went himself to Dorchester to map out the work and selected the farm of Capt : John Homans from which to obtain the bundles of white birch fagots to be used in building the fort. This material was used because the ground was frozen hard, and any attempt to erect earthworks would not only have required more time, but would have made noise enough to arouse the attention of the enemy, and both speed and quiet were of vital importance. The History of Dorchester tells us that a lieutenant and thirty men were employed in cutting faggots and in making them into bundles ; while citizens of Dorchester and neighboring towns carted the bundles to the Heights. Three hundred teams were used in this work, that memorable night, under the direction of James Boice of Dorchester, and Mr. Goddard of Brookline, and no word above a whisper was allowed to disturb the silence. The attention of the British meantime, was diverted by Cambridge and Roxbury, where a constant cannonading was going on, and great was the surprise of Gen : Howe, when morning broke, to find the Heights fortified and in the hands of the patriots. “The rebels have done more in one night than my army would have done in a whole month,” is said to have been his exclamation, for he was no niggard in his expressions of admiration for the achievements of his adversary.

To Nook's Hill, one half mile from the Heights, an important place for batteries, 50 feet above sea level, Washington sent, the following spring, March 9, 1776, a detachment to begin operations.

Our next public record of Col: Robinson is again from the records of the III Provincial Congress sitting at Watertown on the seventh of July (1775), when it was ordered: "that Col. Robinson, Major Brooks, and Deacon Bayley, be a committee to procure a steward for his excellency Gen: Washington. Ordered: that Col: Dwight, Col: Robinson and Deacon Williams be a committee to prepare a letter to Col: Easton, informing him that the state of the treasury is such that Mr. Merrill cannot, at present, be supplied with the sum of £400., which this Congress has directed the receiver-general to pay him."

"Ordered: that the Hon: Major Hawley, Col: Grant and Col: Robinson, be a committee to wait upon Gen: Lee, to know of him what provision he expects should be made by this Congress for furnishing his table."

On the following day, July 8, occur the following orders.

"Ordered: That Mr. Woodbridge, Col: Robinson and Deacon Nichols be a committee to consider a proposal of exempting the soldiers in the army from paying the postage of letters and to report thereon."

"Ordered: That Major Foster, Mr. Hall and Col: Robinson, be a committee to countersign and number the new emission of bills, who are likewise empowered and directed to superintend the impression of said bills."

"Ordered: That Col: Robinson, Major Brooks and Deacon Bailey, be a committee to make inquiry forthwith, for some ingenious, active, and faithful man, to be recommended to Gen: Washington as a steward, likewise to provide and recommend to him some capable woman, suitable to act in the place of a house-keeper, and one or more good female servants."

"Resolved: That Abraham Fuller, Mr. Stephen Hall, Jun: , and Col: Robinson, the committee appointed to countersign the colony notes, now ordered to be struck off, countersign and number said notes of the following denominations, viz: said Abraham Fuller countersign and number the notes of eighteen shillings, twelve shillings, and ten shillings; said Stephen Hall, counter-

sign and number the notes of sixteen shillings, fifteen shillings and nine shillings ; said Col : Robinson countersign and number the notes of twenty shillings, fourteen shillings, and six shillings."

In the afternoon of this day, the report of the committee on the letter of Gen. Green was read, and recommitted to Col : Robinson, Major Brooks and Col : Gerrish.

At a meeting of the same Provincial Congress, at Watertown, July 13, was passed the following order, "That Mr. Phillips, Mr. Kallock, and Mr. Robinson, be a committee to bring in a resolve, recommending to the inhabitants of this colony, not to kill any more sheep, till the general assembly shall take some order hereon."

Colonel Robinson, commissioned colonel at the outbreak of hostilities, at once took an active part in recruiting troops. The Records of the Provincial Congress from which I have quoted afford an insight into the constant activity in which he lived after Washington took command at Cambridge. A few days after the Battle of Lexington, fearing an invasion of Dorchester by the British, Col : Robinson sent his family to Stoughton, where they took refuge under the hospitable roof of Samuel Tucker, whose wife was a cousin of Mrs. Robinson's. His own house became the recruiting station for the regiment, and the temporary residence of alarmed families from "the neck," who occupied it until the return of its owners later in the season. Of our great grandmother, Jerusha (Minot) Robinson, Col. Robinson's wife, there is a likeness taken in advanced years, representing what she really was, a beautiful serene woman ; we are told of her sweet nature, courage and strong helpfulness,—a good wife, a good mother, a kind friend, preserving through the troubles of her life, as through its joys, strength and serenity and a warm heart. The women who lived through the Revolutionary Period had need indeed of courage, and when we remember the exploits of Col : Robinson, his devotion to the patriot cause, his exertions, his endurance, and finally his premature death in the prime of manhood, we see something of the wife's share of self denial and renunciation which those days called for—and had. Our great aunts, Mrs. Spear and Mrs. Dolbeare (Mary and Zibiah Robinson) related to our Thaddeus in their old age some of the recollections of their childhood ;— of awakening in what seemed to them the

dead of night, to see strange men with their father, bending over maps and papers, in the light of a lamp on a table in their sleeping room, talking meanwhile in subdued tones :—and dropping to sleep, would wonder in the morning if the vision of the night were a dream. Col: Robinson's house was a rendezvous in the vexed years preceding the actual outbreak of the Revolution, as it was later for the men who were preparing for the inevitable ; and the nursery, when a night lamp was a natural condition least likely to be suspected, was utilized as the night meeting place for those who wished to consult the ex-surveyor, his maps and his knowledge of roads and country.

When the wife and children were safely housed at Stoughton our great grandfather was free to give his whole devotion to his country's service. We have found mention in the Provincial Records of the field pieces which Col: Robinson succeeded in taking out of Boston under the very eyes of the sentries. It was a daring deed, and one quite to the mind of our colonel. The patriot army needed much these field pieces, the property of the province, but no fire arms nor ammunition were allowed to be taken out of Boston ; strict watch was kept that none should be removed. Col. Robinson donned a carter's frock and mien, and drove into Boston with a large load of fresh garden truck which the inhabitants would gladly welcome ; —later why should he not drive innocently out again, past all the keen-eyed, vigilant sentries his large wagon heaped with a huge load of manure which the town desired to be rid of? (When I look at the portrait of the Colonel, I wonder that his eyes had not betrayed him !) Before many hours were passed the field pieces—two brass cannon—from beneath their malodorous cover, were snugly hidden in Colonel Robinson's barn, northeast of his dwelling house. You all perhaps have heard the tale of the search by the exasperated British soldiers sent out by the orders of Gen: Gage, when it became known that the field pieces were gone, and suspicion turned upon Col: Robinson ; how they came to our ancestor's house and found only women and children to answer their angry questioning, who could give them no information concerning the missing treasure. After searching the premises, they turned to the barn and swinging open the great doors, were confronted by such a mass of cobwebs across the entrance, that a laugh burst

from them all, and they turned horse and rode away—leaving the field pieces for the use of the Continental Army.

My story was to have been of the grandmothers, but it would have been half a story only, without that of this brave gentleman—the beloved husband and father! We know his charming face from the portrait owned by our Oliver cousins; of his character of manly courage, audacity in the face of danger, and untiring energy, family tradition has preserved as vivid a picture as that presented by the portrait of his person. His contemporaries and their sons in the place of his birth long remembered his service and revered his memory. It was the universal opinion that had he lived, high rank in the Continental Army would have been his, and he would have left a military reputation second to none. In home life he was most tenderly loved by his wife, children and associates. During the months of British occupation of Boston, when Washington was holding together with difficulty an army, formed largely of men recruited for short terms, anxious and uneasy about their families and neglected work at home, which was more like a dissolving show—here today, gone tomorrow—than an army of defence and occupation, steadfast amongst the unstable, stood always Lemuel Robinson, doing ten men's work each day, never sparing time, strength nor ability in his country's service.

At this time, the land connection with the town of Boston by the Neck was, in consequence of the unstable force, next to unguarded. \*Gorden in his history, writes: "Not more than between six and seven hundred men, under Colonel Robinson of Dorchester, were engaged in defending so important a pass, for several days together. For nine days and nights the colonel never shifted his clothes, nor lay down to sleep; as he had the whole duty upon him, even down to the adjutant, and as there was no officer of the day to assist. The officers in general had left the camp in order to raise the wanted number of men. The Colonel was obliged therefore, for the time mentioned, to patrol the guards every night, which gave him a round of nine miles to traverse."

The records of the Provincial Congress and Committees, together with what we know from other sources, have given us an outline of Colonel Robinson's duties during the months of 1774-5.

• See Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, pp. 92 and 93.



It was little wonder that a constitution so overtaxed by the exertions of many months should not have been able to withstand the rigor of the fell disease from which he died the following year.

We remember the pride with which our mother would say, "My grandfather rode into Boston at the head of his \*troops when the Continental Army entered Boston" (March, 1776);—a gallant figure doubtless. Here he was quartered, and here, on July 29th, fell a prey to the pest which the British had left behind them,—the small-pox. He died in the prime of life, but forty years of age, and was buried by night in the tomb of a relative, in the Granary Burying Ground. His oldest child was but sixteen, the youngest but a year old; the latter, born at Stoughton, July 23, 1775, and baptized in the meeting house of that place with the name of † George Washington, is said to have been the first child in New England named for the Commander-in-Chief.

Jerusha, our great-grandmother, had now to take up life and its manifold duties on her husband's estate without his presence to make life beautiful, his hand to guide and control the vigorous young family. The large house of the Colonel's had been built onto the small Trott house, retaining the latter on the northern end. My brother Edward describes the Robinson house as I remember it, standing "about 150 feet from the road, approached by a sweeping driveway, between old trees, most of which are now gone. The main entrance was in the middle of the front, the rooms on either side, and a deep L reaching back in the rear." The first time that I saw this house of our ancestors, I was but a child, driving with our dear Aunt Vincent and Cousin Ellen, and they told me briefly that this was the Robinson house, the early home of Grandmother Holbrook. Ever after, I looked for it on our drives, and always was conscious of the intent, wistful look on Aunt Vincent's face as we approached the old homestead. She sometimes passed it without a word—never without a searching inspection, sometimes would respond quietly to a remark by Cousin Ellen on its appearance, or remind me that it was my great grandfather's home; and even in those childhood days the

\*General returns of the March 2, 1776, Regiments. Col. Robinson's Fit for duty, 467. Total, 555. See Frothingham's *Siege of Boston*, p. 415.

† "George Washington Robinson sailed for Russia with Capt. Wilder, and died at Aux Cayes, Hispaniola, April 11, 1795."

place held for me a curious fascination. I thought of it and dreamed of it with a longing which printed its image upon my mind so indelibly that I have never forgotten either the place, or its attraction. It impressed me with a sense of solitariness and aloofness,—the house had neither porch nor piazza and stood in its setting of smooth sward, curving driveway and lofty elms, a time-worn dweller, steeped in memories of the past, pausing awhile with thoughtful eyes to gaze upon the world ere passing away. In this spacious and comfortable home Great Grandmother Robinson reared her large brood, six daughters and two sons. They were said to be endowed with a more than common amount of beauty; of the six handsome girls, Betty the youngest, who never married, was the most beautiful. She and our Kate had the same child-likeness—not childishness—an unusual and special attribute. When Kate was characteristically amusing with her charming naïveté, Father would sometimes chuckle and say, under his breath,—“Aunt Betty Robinson!” The oldest son, Thomas Trott, our mother’s “Uncle Robinson”, whose memory was kept green by her deep love for him and his name familiar to her children, married Polly, the eldest daughter of Dr. Holbrook by his first wife. He seems not have inherited the love of the soil which had been strong in his race, and became a cotton merchant, doing a large business with southern states. His next younger sister, Jerusha, had six years before his marriage, become the third wife of Dr. Holbrook (1789), and the ties of love and marriage between the Robinsons and Holbrooks were increased in 1800 by the marriage of Dr. Holbrook’s son Samuel (by his first wife), to Jerusha’s younger sister Sarah—then a young widow (of Mr. John Mears), with a son John. Sarah died the following year, and her baby named George Thomas for her two brothers, followed her in five months. Her husband, \* Captain Samuel Holbrook, was at sea at this time, and was wrecked on his homeward voyage from the East Indies, when almost in harbor. Mother has told me that his place was set at his father’s table day after day in expectation of his arrival, for his ship had been reported, but alas!

\* From a small red-bound Bible, the gift of Capt. Holbrook to Sarah Mears shortly before their marriage, I copied the following entry:

Samuel Holbrook lost at sea returning from N. W. Coast and Canton, supposed on the gulf stream about the 22d of Feb. 1802, aged 29 years.

it foundered in the terrific storm which swept our coast and Grandfather Holbrook mourned heavily for his first-born. Some spars bearing part of Captain Holbrook's name was the only trace ever found of the fate of the ship and master.

Sarah Robinson's son by her first husband, John Mears, lived with grandmother Jerusha Robinson and Aunt Betty; married when he reached manhood and in course of time inherited the home; here his children were born — still another generation to live in the homestead. On June 28, 1817, six months after John Mear's marriage, departed from this life in peace and blessedness, his grandmother and our great-grandmother, Jerusha Robinson. She had outlived her husband by forty-one years.

Our grandmother Holbrook, second daughter and namesake of Great-Grandmother Robinson, was a very animated, sprightly, keen-witted woman; many are the tales told of the biting sarcasm which slipped easily off her nimble tongue, fitting the unfortunate victim, or occasion, like a glove and clothing it with irresistible ridicule. She was like a gale of fresh air in the house — sweeping through it with energy and ability; the little woman was a notable housewife and exquisite cook; her home was a pattern of good housekeeping, and the good things which graced the table of Dr. Holbrook left behind them a tradition of perfected culinary art. Jerusha — the second of her name — ruled with a tight hand, yet lavish generosity — lively, gay, jealous, hospitable — delighting in brilliant colors and wearing them in her dress with audacious grace — she leaves us a vivid picture. Doubtless in her blood was something of the daring and force which her father possessed in such large measure. My mother has repeatedly told me that with the beginning of a snowstorm she would order out horse and vehicle and drive off through thickening snow with joyous exultation. To rash exposure to weather, often without head-covering, has been attributed the terrific neuralgia of the head, which wrecked her old age. She was a good deal of a disciplinarian; neither child, servant nor guest, might go scathless in "short-comings" — they were speedily brought into line! Sorrows came to her and she bore them bravely; of her six children, but two outlived her; three died as little children, and one, her beloved son William, Aunt Vincent's junior but by ten months, died soon after entering Harvard College, a youth between sixteen and

seventeen — and the last remaining son of Dr. Holbrook. It was a great grief in that beautiful home on the Hill, a great blow which cut clean through into the deepest nature of both father and mother, destroying forever in the former, the hope and ambition, long cherished, of seeing a son graduate from Harvard College, to follow with all the advantages which he could give him in his own footsteps. Rev. Mr. Cunningham, in his fine eulogy of Grandfather Holbrook, has told with what fortitude the good physician bore his many household bereavements and sorrows, turning always to the world a steadfast courage and serene composure, which doubtless helped those around him to follow an example of cheerful, healthy living.

The little Catherine, our mother, last born of Grandmother Holbrook's children, was between seven and eight years old when William died. Her baby playmate, George, had died at the age of four, when she was a wee thing; his familiar little coat hung sometime in the porch entry of the pleasant side door and she would scramble out and pull it, calling him to play with her. This is the "little George" of whom Aunt Vincent talked in the gentle wandering of old age, when she waited for her father "to come for her."

George and Catherine were born in our grandfather's home on Milton Hill, which he built in 1800; the beautiful old home still stands, little altered from the time when it was our mother's beloved home — the dearest place on earth to her as long as she lived. The Dutch elms which Grandfather planted, bringing them up the hill on his shoulder, are now huge trees, but our eyes may rest on the same beautiful views from front windows and porch, on which he loved to dwell. When I last stood on the porch, his wooden armchair, which he had habitually used, stood there, solid and firm, and in its companion chair sat Mrs. Cunningham, who, after occupying the house (by her brother's purchase and gift), for over half a century, continued to call it "Dr. Holbrook's."

In this lovely home Catherine grew from babyhood into womanhood, softening and healing no doubt, with childhood's grace, the wounds dealt by the Reaper in taking away the little ones who had preceded her. She became the light of her father's eyes, the joy of his heart, and if he lavished upon their last given child a great love, she returned it in generous measure, loving him deeply

and passionately,—to her he was always the ideal of all that a man should be.

Sarah, the eldest daughter of Dr. Holbrook by his wife Jerusha, and who in some respects much resembled her father, ten years Catherine's senior, married in 1816, when our mother was twelve years old, William Ellery Vincent—our dear, kind "Uncle Vincent." The daughters of Grandfather by his first and second marriages were all married before this date, and thus little Catherine and her parents were for awhile the only members of the family in the Milton home. Four years later, after temporary business misfortunes had overtaken Uncle Vincent, Aunt Vincent lived again with her parents for awhile, and her second child and only daughter, Cousin Ellen, was born there—the last of the Holbrook race to come into life under that roof; in fact there has been no birth in that house since then.

Little Catherine Holbrook attended the Milton schools; first probably that kept by Miss Ann Bent on the Hill, on the opposite side of the road from Dr. Holbrook's, and it is recorded that in "spelling matches" she always reached the head of the class. To the end of her days she never needed the aid of a dictionary and had always an immediate and accurate answer to other's uncertainties of spelling. It is said that when she could escape from household tasks and school she loved to run wild; the beautiful garden where grew, in their season, damask roses, tall white lilies, monkshood, larkspurs,—all the dear old fashioned flowers, among them the Ladies' Delights whose posterity over-ran the Cambridge garden,—the vineyard and orchard,—all knew her well; stone walls were no impediment, and the fields and meadows were familiar with her roaming feet. Later she was sent to the boarding school of Miss Beach and Miss Saunders, the Ladies' Academy in Dorchester where "a superior course of education was afforded." This was quite a famous establishment where favored young ladies were received and given what were then considered the best advantages. At home we may well believe she was thoroughly drilled in all household arts by the vigilant Jerusha; her skill with the needle was remarkable, and specimens of her wonderful embroidery still exist, which are marvels of exquisite work and design.

Our mother had much skill with the pencil as well as with the

needle, and it was a pleasure to watch the former's bold sweep as she designed an embroidery pattern, even in advanced years. She had lessons in Boston when a very young girl in water-color painting, and doubtless had decided talent. Indeed she had true artistic feeling and instinct; perhaps this is what gave such a perfection to all her handiwork, whether with needle, household work, or anything she did. Who ever tied a bow with more elegance, who ever arranged flowers with such grace! There was certainty and exquisite finish in every touch. She took her water-color lessons on Saturday mornings, driving into Boston by the side of Grandfather Holbrook in his roomy chaise, who dropped her at her master's while he attended to his affairs and met her again at the shop of the famous confectioner of that time, Mrs. Peverelly, whence the homeward drive was taken.

Grandfather, eminent as a skilful physician and surgeon, one of the first vice-presidents of the Harvard Medical Society, was considerable of a horticulturist, taking great pleasure in cultivating fine fruit: cherries, plums, peaches, apples, currants, raspberries, gooseberries which were globes of honey, and strawberries grew to perfection under his care, while his vineyard yielded the best varieties of grapes. A bed of Alpine strawberries, the berry long-pointed in shape and of a high flavor, bore fruit late into the autumn. Mother remembered searching the vines to gather a saucerful a day for a patient of Grandfather's after frosts had come. As Mrs. Cunningham said to me, "Everything Dr. Holbrook had he shared with his neighbors." All through the fruit season, baskets went forth generously laden, and guests were lavishly treated to the best; "thin bread and butter," prepared in the summer mornings, was ready to accompany the saucers of fresh strawberries, or raspberries that the guests of the afternoon feasted upon; and delicate sponge cake—"Grandmother Holbrook's sponge cake," was not lacking.

Grandfather and Grandmother delighted in hospitality, and gatherings of family and friends under their roof were frequent. The family connection brought together a goodly number. Uncle and Aunt Robinson, Aunt Fuller, her children and stepchildren; Uncle and Aunt Gardner with their children, and Aunt Denny, who was Uncle Gardner's daughter by his first wife (Joanna Everett); Uncle and Aunt Vincent with their William, Ellen and

George; and the Boises. The last named were connected by marriage with Grandfather and also by blood with Aunt Gardner, and the ties of friendship between them were very strong. There was a current saying in Milton that "Dr. Holbrook thought that Mr. Boise could do no wrong, and Mr. Boise thought everything Dr. Holbrook did was right." The intimacy between the families was very great and no family party was complete if either home was unrepresented. With the Boises lived Miss Nancy and Miss Lucretia Clark, younger sisters of Mrs. Boise; and nephews from Nova Scotia, or the provinces, were often members of the household, one of whom (the father of Mrs. Penrose), was finally adopted by Mr. Boise. The gatherings of all these people at Grandfather's were occasions of great social pleasure, and traditions of the cheer provided still survives; the wonderful chicken pies, unequalled by modern chefs; game; oysters served by the silver ladle with ebony handle, which our mother inherited;—all the old-fashioned dishes and the best that Boston market could provide, prepared as only old-time cooks' practical knowledge and skill could perfect. The chicken pie and some of the dainties were made by Grandmother's own hands, or by those of a daughter, while \*young Drew and a maid-servant ably carried out the teaching of the mistress with other viands. Of course all poultry, meats and game were roasted before the fire in "tin-kitchens,"—no baked meats in those tasty days! Ices were not then in vogue, and the lighter desserts (for ordinary occasions, apples, nuts and raisins) were jellies, blancmange, whips and syllabubs. Apropos of this, I am reminded of a tale told me by Aunt Dolly, who once arriving early at a little gathering at Grandfather Holbrook's, found mother and Aunt Denny in something of a twitter, and upon asking what was the matter, Aunt Denny whispered, "If it *turns out well*, I will tell you!"—and thereupon she and mother were convulsed with giggles. Later, when the blancmange was found to be holding its desired form nobly, Aunt Denny fulfilled her promise, and owned that she, who was visiting mother, had undertaken to make the blancmange and for some reason its success had seemed doubtful. Dear Aunt Denny! I was not a very young child when I learned that this favorite was not "a real aunt." I went to mother in tears, after indignantly refusing to believe my officious

\* The negro cook, son of "Old Drew," Grandfather's trusty servant.

informant, and when she admitted the unwelcome truth, I could not be consoled by her kind assurance that "it did not matter, she was almost the same as an aunt." The wound long rankled, for I loved Aunt Denny very dearly, and children feel strongly the rights of possession and do not yield them lightly. She and our mother were nearly of an age and grew up in most sisterly intimacy, and through life were undivided in affection. For her, our mother named her daughter, Harriet Gardner; and the latter named her third child Harriet Denny.

Our grandparents' table was handsomely plished with fine damask, cut glass and silver. Grandfather's passion for silver, first evinced by his purchase of silver shoe or knee buckles, in his youth, was amply gratified in after years. Milton neighbors are quoted as saying that "Dr. Holbrook used in silver every article known to be fashioned in that metal," and we have long daily used articles which bear evidence of his good taste and judgment.

Let me say a few words more about the old home. In the front chamber on the left side, our mother was born; on the right of the house was the parlor in which she was married; back of this room, with windows looking on the garden, was Grandfather's study, in which was the skeleton in its tall cabinet; and in this room over the fireplace is now a tile, placed there by Mrs. Cunningham, bearing Grandfather Holbrook's name and the date when the house was built, 1800. Over the study was "the green room," named from the tint of the fresco on its walls; ordinarily a guest room, it was occupied by our father when he studied his profession with Grandfather. On the left side of the front door, opposite the parlor, was the large pleasant dining-room—the familiar "living room," and on the handsome sideboard in this room, stood the Governor Hutchinson clock, our Grandfather's by purchase. The hall, not a very wide one, ran from front to back, with opposite doors; one could stand on the front porch and look through the house, down the long, straight, garden path to the summer house at the end, in which our father did some of his courting. The walls of the halls and some of the rooms were very beautifully frescoed by an Italian artist who was for some months the guest of our grandfather.

The view from the front of the house, to which I have already alluded, looking over the winding Neponset and its meadows to



the Harbor, was, and is, very beautiful. It is related that an eminent clergymen brought home by Dr. Holbrook from Sunday morning service in the meeting house, to dine, stood on the porch enjoying the view, when, turning to his host, he exclaimed with a deep breath, "*all this*—and Heaven too?" The back and side windows of the house looked upon the Blue Hills—the hills which give our State its name of Massachusetts.

On one side of Dr. Holbrook's estate, was that known as the Huchinson estate, it having been the country residence of Governor Hutchinson; the residence which he left with the governorship of Massachusetts in the May of 1774, when he sailed for England, and for which in his exile he never ceases to long. "The fairest spot on earth"—and one which he lost forever on that memorable May morning when he passed down Milton Hill with courteous goodbys to his neighbors, little dreaming that for him there would be no return.

In after years the place was occupied successively by James Warren, Mr. Patrick Jeffries, Mr. Barney Smith, and Lydia, daughter of the last named, with her family. Her husband was Hon. Jonathan Russell, our minister to several European Courts, and Commissioner with J. Q. Adams, Albert Gallatin and Mr. Bayard, to negotiate a treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, which was ratified in 1815. Part of this estate, which includes the site of the house, still remains in the Russell family. Mrs. Russell was an elegant and accomplished woman, an artist of some merit. Her portraits of Grandfather Holbrook and our mother, you all knew; she also painted a portrait of Grandmother Holbrook, but the latter disliked this very much, and in derision used it as a fire-board in summer-time; its later fate is unknown—would we could recover it!

Patrick Jeffries was the second husband of Madam Haley, a sister of Wilkes, the English politician, and whose first husband was a mayor of London. This eccentric lady paid the sum of \$500 to be the first person to ride over Charlestown bridge at its great opening—her phaeton, drawn by four white horses, headed the procession. Not living very smoothly with her husband, she returned to England, leaving him to be, as previous to her marriage, the steward of her New England property. He entertained very elegantly in his Milton residence, more so than had the Gov-

error in his day. Of our mother, he made, in his old age, quite a pet, and the beautiful little silver basket bearing the Wilkes coat of arms was given by him to her; its "hall mark" is that of 1774.

In the house on the other side of Grandfather's lived Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bennett Forbes, parents of Robert Bennett and James Murray Forbes and of several daughters, one of whom became Mrs. Francis Cunningham and the owner of the Holbrook estate; the daughter Emma was especially mother's friend, and gave to her on her wedding morning a beautiful carved fan; she died in early womanhood, unmarried. The sons, whose business was mainly with China, became very rich men and left large fortunes, as also unblemished reputations as honest, upright citizens. Capt. R. B. Forbes was very fond of horseback-riding, and many times have I seen him riding, at furious speed, past Aunt Vincent's house in Dorchester, when he was nearer seventy than sixty years of age. Aunt Vincent would look up and say, "There's Bennett Forbes, your mother's old friend," and laugh softly. It was he who, in the famine in Ireland in 1847, headed a petition to Congress, followed by the names of other prominent men, asking for the loan of a vessel of war. Robert C. Winthrop took active measures to further this petition, and was the means of getting passed resolutions by the two houses, granting the use of the ship *Macedonian* to Capt. George C. DeKay of New Jersey, and of the *Jamestown* to R. B. Forbes, for the purpose of conveying stores to the famine-stricken Irish. The latter ship was loaded by voluntary, unpaid labor, and Capt. Mecondray and Capt. James Dumasq Farwell served voluntarily as chief and second mates.

The *Jamestown* sailed from Charlestown, March 28th, and reached Cork, April 12th, laden with a generous cargo, the expense of which was borne by Boston men, and was hailed with great rejoicings by the suffering Irish, whose gratitude was evinced in characteristic ebullitions. Several children received the names of Forbes and of James, in memory of the commander and the vessel which had brought this welcome relief.

Mr. John Murray Forbes, an uncle and benefactor of Robert Bennett Forbes, was with the father of the latter, living in Cambridge with their uncle, Mr. Ralph Inman, to attend school there, when our grandfather, Thaddeus Mason Harris, a lad near their own age, came to Cambridge for the same purpose. And then

began a friendship and intimacy which lasted, with great cordiality, through life between him and John Murray Forbes.

The Forbes and Morton families, Aunt Fanny Swift, no one's relative and every one's aunt, Mr. Edmund Baker, the Robbins family of Brush Hill, were all familiar visitors and friends in good, old, neighborly fashion. Another dear friend of our mother's was Alice Briggs, whose maiden name I have forgotten. It is quite a mistake to imagine the days of our grandparents and great grandparents as of humdrum quietness. A glimpse of the diaries of those times gives an insight of the lives which to us is somewhat of a revelation. Visiting amongst neighbors and friends both near and in other towns and villages is constant; dinners, suppers, drives, any trivial cause seeming to be a plea to make a little festivity, and the diary record sometimes ends with, "We were merrie." An event of much interest was the "Vendue"; in those days, when an estate was to be settled, it was a common custom to sell all effects at auction on the premises; this, the Vendue, or sometimes Vendoo, brought together people from far and near, and created a much relished excitement; no modern bric-a-brac hunter could out-do the experienced Vendue habitué, in hunting out coveted treasures and securing them by adroit bidding. Such a bargain hunter was Mrs. Morton, said to be unrivalled in her specialty.

At Mr. Patrick Jeffrey's death his effects were, according to this custom, sold at auction, the sale lasting three days, and said to be a gala event for Milton Hill, and "more mementoes from valuable to worthless were distributed in the same length of time, from any one source, since the settlement of the country."

At this sale Dr. Holbrook brought the clock formerly owned by Governor Hutchinson, which from this time to his death stood on his sideboard in the dining-room. This clock, made in England and worth about fifteen dollars, was sold at Grandfather Holbrook's death to his grandson, Henry J. Gardner, for the sum of ninety-five dollars. The latter sold it to J. M. Forbes for fifteen hundred dollars, who gave it to his sister, Mrs. Cunningham, and thus restored it to its old place on Grandfather's sideboard.

We sometimes still see, in country districts, notices posted by the wayside, announcing a "Vendue," but the term is nearly obsolete. In old times objects "bought at Vendue" could be found

in almost all households. That portion of Catherine Holbrook's wedding silver bearing the letters D. C., belonged to a French lady sometime a resident of Milton (and whose name de C——, I cannot now recall), whose effects were sold shortly before our mother's marriage, and Grandfather Holbrook bought at this sale tablespoons, teaspoons and saltspoons with which to furnish forth his daughter's wedding chest. It was not always pleasant for members of families, as sometimes happened, to be outbid on those occasions by outsiders, and thus to see pass from family possession familiar and valued articles; generally, however, there seems to have been some etiquette observed, and if it were known that "the family" were bidding, those not of kin stood aside.

Dr. Holbrook's practice extended beyond Milton, over Quincy and Dorchester, although there were physicians in these towns. In Dorchester lived Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D., pastor of the First Parish for over forty years; the most learned and accomplished gentleman in the long line of those who have held that position in that old town, and as noted for his ready wit as for his grace and learning. Both he and Dr. Holbrook were men of affairs and became associated in matters outside of their respective professions, as well as in those which would naturally bring together the intimate household friend the doctor, and the spiritual pastor and friend. Dr. Harris was an interested and principal promoter of the Milton Academy, with which Dr. Holbrook was also associated from early days, serving as chairman of the Board of Trustees until his death.

When intercourse between the families began, is of little moment, but it must have been long established when Dr. Harris' eldest son, Thaddeus William, who, by the way, was always called by his second name, began his medical studies with Dr. Holbrook. We find by the record in Aunt Vincent's little red Bible that the marriage ceremony which united Thomas Trott Robinson and Polly Holbrook, on Nov. 26, 1795, was performed by Dr. Harris. This was the year and month of our father's birth.

After graduating from Harvard College in the class of 1815 (the first year of student life in Cambridge he lived in the family of his father's friend in the ministry, Dr. Ware, whose society he fully appreciated both then and later), and from the Harvard Medical School in '20, he gladly availed himself of the opportunity of con-

tinuing his studies with so able and distinguished a practitioner as was Dr. Holbrook, and accordingly was received into the family of the latter.\* His engagement to his host's daughter Catherine soon followed, to the satisfaction of those most concerned ; it was gratifying to Dr. Holbrook to have the young man associated with him in his beloved profession, with a view to succeeding him in future years in a large practice ; and the assurance of having his daughter settled near him was a deeply appreciated blessing. The young people, after an engagement of almost four years, were married on the 15th of November, 1824.

A notable event in an earlier month of this same year was the visit to America of La Fayette. His public reception and ovation is matter of history. Twice during his sojourn in Boston he visited Dr. Holbrook on Milton Hill. The Boston *Courier* of Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1824, recorded that on "Sunday, August 29th, Lafayette dined with Ex: Pres: Adams at Quincy. On his way he was greeted by the citizens of Dorchester, Milton and Quincy. On his return he visited Dr. Holbrook at Milton."

During the terrible winter when Grandfather was serving in the Continental Army, in New Jersey, as surgeon, he came into contact with La Fayette ; and between the chivalric young officer and the young surgeon were established sentiments of mutual affection and respect. This intercourse in part directed Grandfather's attention subsequently toward the Paris hospitals ; when, after a brief sojourn in Milton, he was obliged to recruit his health by a sea voyage, he sailed for France and seized upon this opportunity to study surgery in the hospitals of Paris.

Grandfather, who was born in Bellingham, Mass., Jan. 23d, 1754, studied medicine with his kinsman, Dr. Metcalf, and subsequently in Providence where he began practice. He joined the army at Cambridge, August, 1775, as surgeon's mate in Col: John Groaton's regiment, and having, the March following, passed a favorable examination, was commissioned surgeon of the same regiment. From an obituary notice of Dr. Holbrook published in a Boston paper I quote the following correct statement of what followed this step : He "soon after accompanied it (the regiment)

\* During a brief period between T. W. H.'s graduation from H. C., and the beginning of his medical practice, he taught school in Dorchester, where he was popular and acceptable as a teacher.

to New York and embarked for Albany with the troops, destined to reinforce those that were engaged in an expedition to Canada. The unsuccessful issue of campaign in Canada compelled them, after reaching the mouth of the Sorel, to retreat to Ticonderoga, where they remained from June till late in autumn, suffering severely in the meantime from the want of proper supplies and the ravages of small-pox. In December, they descended the North River to New Windsor, and on their arrival there, the troops under Col : Grea-ton returned home, their term of service having expired. Dr. Holbrook was then transferred to Col : Vose's regiment which he followed into New Jersey, where they had frequent skirmishes with the enemy."

In March, 1777, Col : Vose, prostrated by sickness, returned to Milton, accompanied by his surgeon, also in an enfeebled condition. The commander, after a short furlough, rejoined his regiment ; but Dr. Holbrook, suffering from the exposures of the campaign, determined to resign his position in the army and establish himself as physician in the town of Milton. His first work here was to petition the town for liberty to open an inoculating hospital for small-pox, March 17, 1777, which was granted. Soon after this followed his voyage to France and his study in the hospitals, to which I have already referred. This was of great advantage to him in his subsequent practice, when he acquired a reputation for skill and surgery unsurpassed in New England. It was on his return to his native land that he established himself permanently in Milton.

La Fayette's first visit to Grandfather, in the summer of 1824, was by invitation of the latter to supper ; and on this occasion he introduced his daughter Catherine to the distinguished guest as "his baby," and the Marquis de La Fayette bent and kissed the rosy, satin-smooth cheek of the young girl, to the pride and delight of the fond father. Many years had rolled away since the first meeting of the gallant La Fayette and the young surgeon. The former had lived through the horrors of the French Revolution, had known the glories of success, the dejection of failure, had experienced the fickle favor of his countrymen, and their defiance and contempt,—had lived in palaces and languished in prisons. The young surgeon's life had been passed in more tranquil scenes, though he had passed through many sorrows as well as joys ; to

him had come well earned success in his chosen profession of medicine, and recognition as the most skilful surgeon of his State. As the "beloved physician of Milton," he was known far and near, and his gracious manners and fine presence accorded well with the dignity of his character and his advanced years.

La Fayette's second visit to Dr. Holbrook was unexpected and perhaps particularly enjoyed from its spontaneity; he rode out to Milton on horseback and surprised his host before breakfast. Without other guests, or ceremony, the two met this once more and enjoyed a talk together and exchanged a last hand-clasp.

When the loveliness of this summer had yielded to the glory of autumn, and the bronzed and crisped leaves of November were falling, Catherine Holbrook was married in her father's beautiful parlor to Thaddeus William Harris, by Rev. Dr. Richmond, pastor of the Milton parish. Our grandfather was an Episcopalian, but as there was no church of his faith in Milton, he and his family were members of Dr. Richmond's parish. As Mr. Cunningham has said, "Dr. Holbrook was with them, but not of them." Catherine's wedding gown was of white embroidered India muslin, made in the style of that time, with short waist, full puffed short sleeves and scant shirt; she carried the fan given by Miss Emma Forbes on the morning of the wedding day. Our mother was a beautiful little bride, and the bridegroom, tall, slender, with wavy brown hair and dark blue eyes, was hardly less comely. We may remember that gentlemen still wore their hair "tied," and knee-breeches and buckles were in vogue; long trowsers did not come in until the thirties of that century. The bridesmaids were Harriet Gardner (later Mrs. Daniel Denny), and Hannah Everett (later Mrs. Dr. Bartlett), Dr. Gardner's young half sister. The "best man," friend of both bride and bridegroom, was Mr. Franklin Crehore. As the wedding party passed down the stairs to the parlor for the ceremony, Hannah, in glee and mischief, repeatedly whispered in the ear of the bride-elect, "Catherine—Catherine—it is not too late yet to say no." But the bride did not say no, and her father, with a full heart, placed her hand in that of the expectant bridegroom. Below is a list of those who witnessed the marriage ceremony:—

**Mrs. Robinson.**

Mrs. Gardner. Dr. Gardner.

Richardson Fuller.

Alexander Fuller.

Harriet Gardner.

William H. Vincent.

**Hannah Everett.**

Mr. Boies. Mrs. Boies.

**Miss Nancy Clarke.**

Dr. Richmond.

Mr. Barney Smith. Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Morton. Mrs. Morton.

**Miss Nabby Swift.**

**Mrs. Dorothy Lynde Dix.**

**Miss Dorothy Harris.**

Mr. Clarendon Harris. Mrs. C. Harris.

Sarah D. Harris.

Mr. Nicholson. Mrs. Nicholson.

Miss Dolly Dix.

Jane E. Williams.

Mr. Walter Baker.

**Mr. B. Franklin Crehore.**

Mr. John Pierce.

**John McQuirk,**

**Sarah Field.**

John Drew. Mrs. Drew. } Servants.

**John C. Drew.**

**Mr. Commminelli, Caterer.**

Aunt Gardner was to have been named for her mother; but

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when the christening party was assembled and Grandfather, with the baby in his arms, was about to present her for baptism, he was peremptorily summoned to a patient in extremis. Hastily depositing the child in the arms of his friend, Mr. Crocker, and telling him to take his place, he hurried away. The surprised Crocker did not drop the baby, but his memory dropped the destined name; he had lately read Richardson's famous novel, *Clarissa Harlow*, and when the minister asked him for the child's name, *Clarissa* alone occurred to him, and before the startled relatives had gathered their wits together it was bestowed upon the fortunate baby. She wore it well! A handsome girl and woman she became, fair to whiteness, with dark hair and eyes and possessing an ease of manner and suavity which came from her Irish blood. My mother often spoke admiringly of her tact as a hostess and her ready conversational powers,—she had always the right word for each guest; if her own lips had not touched the “blarney stone,” those of her fore-bears had! In her old age, blind and feeble, she delighted still in receiving guests and hearing the latest news and gossip, which she could hand on with her easy tongue; but much as she liked to talk, she shielded with care her informants. With the Irish strain of her Grandmother Vose was combined the tight-fistedness of her Grandfather Vose, too strong even for Holbrook free-handedness to counteract. Sense of honor, however, she had, and of her husband, Henry Gardner, it was well known that “his name was as good as his bond.”

It will be seen that the House of Resolves was several times occupied by members of our family. Dr. Holbrook lived there for awhile, after his father-in-law's occupancy, and he it was who planted the Dutch elms before the door, ere he builded for himself the house on the Hill. Here also, in the last years of his life, lived Uncle Robinson (Thomas Trott Robinson), to whom, it would appear by the last will of his wife (Polly), our father, the young physician, gave most devoted care. She was our mother's half sister, older by thirty years,—while her husband was our mother's own uncle. The latter died in October of 1824; he was a genial man of fine character, respected in business and private life, and much beloved by all who knew him. Both he and his wife were especially attached to the “little Catherine Holbrook,” and when she married, a month following Uncle Robinson's death,

the young couple took up their residence with Aunt Robinson, where indeed Father had been living for a year or two, having also an office, which he retained, in a house on the Dorchester side of the Neponset. They, and the children which in due time were born here, made one household, until the failing health—both mental and physical—of Grandmother Holbrook caused a change, about two years after Catherine's marriage, and Aunt Robinson went to her father's home to keep house for him the rest of his life.

Uncle Gardner was our parents' landlord, acting for his wife Clarissa, and he built for mother a little bathhouse on the edge of the river—the garden sloped to the Neponset—which she greatly enjoyed in the first years of her married life. Her wedding gift from him was two round silver cake-baskets; wedding presents were not customary at that time, and these baskets and Miss Emma Forbes' fan were the sole ones received by our mother, and were regarded as especial marks of interested affection. I remember hearing that Dr. Gardner was wont to remark, rubbing his hands, "Clarry was well enough, but *Catherine* was the prettiest girl that ever came out of the Meeting House!" The Meeting House seems to have been the house of criticism in that period; it is remembered that our grandfather was heard to remark to his wife with fond pride, after their return from Sunday services, "Jerusha, I saw no one come into the Meeting House to-day, as pretty as our little Catherine!"

Oh fond and proud father! how sorely must his heart have been tried by the sorrows and trials which came to this beloved daughter! Life opened very happily for her, surrounded by love and prosperity in the home of her youth—and her marriage with the well-born and talented young physician, whose character was spotless, promised everything desirable. But rare indeed is the household exempt from anxieties and sorrow, and to our mother came early a very great grief in the physical infirmities of her first born child. She has told me of sitting with this most tenderly loved son upon her lap, rubbing gently by the hour together his feeble frame with brandy, helping to strengthen its weakness; a mere girl, who had known little care in her bright young life—this picture of the girl-wife's first acquaintance with trouble is most pathetic. It left its mark upon her—all the joys and bless-

ings, and they were many, which came to her in her long, useful life, never wiped out the scar of that early sorrow. If her son's soul had been more indifferent—less sensitive to his physical infirmities, it might have been different, but he remained for the greater part of his life acutely conscious of them, and the mother's heart thrilled to every discord of his. Debarred from roughly active life, Thaddeus early turned to intellectual pursuits with all the ardor of a keenly active mind ; more than commonly gifted, he easily distinguished himself at school and college, and when he died at the early age of twenty-nine, had already made for himself a place among men of culture and learning. He inherited from his grandmother, Jerusha Holbrook, her caustic wit, from Grandfather Harris extreme sensitiveness and that ready sense of humor which made him, in happy mood, a most amusing companion. I can see him now, hastening to mother to pour forth some racy tale ;—his beautiful gray eyes alight with fun, doubled up with laughter and enjoyment of the humor, putting her and all his hearers into sympathetic convulsions of mirth at his recital.

His was the nature to suffer, and to enjoy to intensity. Surely had he lived longer, the affection of many friends and the respect and esteem of the community, which he had won, would have so solaced and enriched his life, that with his strong Christian faith, he must have grown into a strength which would have enabled him to disregard purely bodily disability ! As it was, there had already come to him a great courage of mind and spirit to do his work in the world, and consequently more happiness and serenity than in earlier years. Short as his life was, he had accomplished much and undoubtedly had life been prolonged, the world would have been the gainer. A wealth of love was lavished upon him by young and old, men especially held him in tender and reverent affection.

His friend and classmate, Prof. George Martin Lane, wrote of him, many years after his death, and after speaking of the bravery with which he "fought his way to universal confidence and respect," "I wish I had some of his qualities ! \* \* \* I watched with him two nights before he died ; he was awake a great part of the night and had much to say ; he was very cheerful. I could see that his connection with the lodge had been a great delight to him. (He was an ardent Mason.) There are few people who have so tender a place in my memory as Thaddeus."

The devotion of our mother to her first born son was unfailing, her sympathy was his in all things ; she rejoiced in his successes, shared every joy, as she did his sorrows, with a tenderness which was inexpressibly beautiful.

The second child born to Catherine in the House of Resolves, was a little daughter whom she named (or her sisters named for her !) Sarah-Catherine, for her sister Sally (Holbrook) Vincent and herself. The life of this beautiful baby was brief—in ten months from its birth the mother learned what it was to be bereft of her child. During the first weeks of their grief, Aunt Denny stayed with her, soothing and sharing her sorrow with tender solicitude. Mother never forgot in the long after-years, the blessing of her presence at this time, and when Aunt Gardner recalled her step-daughter to her Dorchester home, the two friends parted with mutual reluctance.

Years which held much happiness followed. The young doctor's practice was steadily increasing and with it his popularity and esteem as a skilful physician. A few minutes' walk only led from Catherine's home in the historic house to her old home on the Hill ; and with her adored father thus close at hand, her husband and little children beside her and her friends all about her, the young wife's life held much sweet content. With her little boy happy in school and home, there would have been no alloy in the happiness of the little household, had not an anxiety arisen as years went on, with the increasing delicacy of her husband's health. A physician's life is at no time an easy one ;—in those days, with a practice which extended over distances that often necessitated long horseback rides in all weather, at all hours of day and night, the physical strain threatened to be too great for our father, who, although a cleanly healthy man, had not great physical endurance. The little cloud grew ;—and finally, after seven years of very happy married life and ten of medical practice, when the position of librarian of Harvard Medical College was attainable, he gladly accepted it as giving him relief from overstrain, with an assured, moderate income, work which would be congenial, and the prospect of some leisure in which to continue his entomological pursuits. It was during the ten years in Milton that our father accomplished the greater part of his entomological work, perfecting himself in a science of which he be-

came the acknowledged master and which later brought him an unrivalled reputation in this country and in Europe. Letters of that period show his advancing recognition as a trustworthy authority ; and he was called upon to lecture frequently on natural history before societies and the public.

It is not true that Dr. Harris was indifferent to the profession ; he loved it and would never have relinquished its practice had his strength not threatened to fail to respond to the demand upon it. The apparent necessity for this change—Father's abandonment of the professional life and practice so dear to Grandfather Holbrook, must have been to the latter a severe disappointment ; he was himself nearing eighty, and though still vigorous and active, the time was drawing near when, in all human probability, he must be content to give into younger hands the healing of the sick ;—and that the hands to receive his work and carry it on should be those of his daughter's husband had been his hope, pleasure and reasonable expectation. The removal, too, of his little Catherine from his immediate neighborhood was in itself a great blow ; there were no electric nor steam cars in those days to bridge the distance, and the long drive between Milton and Cambridge would with every advancing year become more arduous. With his usual indomitable courage and cheerfulness, however, the good doctor faced this last trouble, and no shadow from his own sorrow was suffered to fall upon the new plans of the young people.

Our father went to Cambridge in 1831, to take up his new duties with a glad heart, leaving his wife and children to abide awhile without him. Once, during the Milton years, mother had with her, for a winter, her favorite half-niece, Elizabeth Fuller, who stayed with her in order to attend the Milton Academy. William Vincent also was confided to my mother's care for a year or two for the same purpose. When her husband went to Cambridge there were two little daughters to share with Thaddeus the mother's care. Sweet voices echoed through the old-fashioned rooms and little faces at the windows watched for the dear grandfather driving up and down the hill and for the friendly face that had in passing a smile or word for Catherine Holbrook's children. Catherine's letters to her husband at this time tell how much he was missed from the little household,—how gladly she would wel-

come his return when he could come for a few hours ; Thaddeus sends "a hundred kisses" and Harriet "her love to dear Father."

This was the longest separation which ever came to our parents from the beginning of their courtship, when our mother was but sixteen and our father twenty-five, until the latter's death in January of 1856.

So passed away autumn and winter, and with the spring, plans for the family migration matured, and were in its last month carried into effect. A scrap of paper yellowed with age, found amongst Thaddeus' belongings, bears the following memorandum, written in pencil, and now almost illegible :

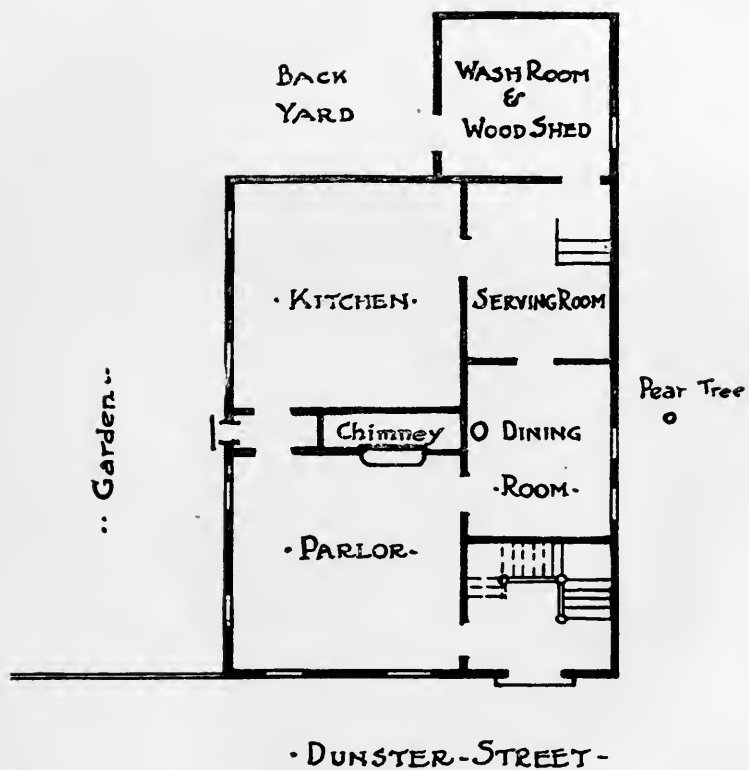
\* Mary Allen and I came about May 1,  
Emma, Cat, Hens &c  
Came a few days after  
Mother & Harriet came  
Sunday, May 6,

Father came over on  
Friday after Com<sup>t</sup>, with  
his furniture, returned to  
Milton, & came over again  
On Monday morning.

The Cambridge home was to be on Dunster St., in the oldest part of the town, and was at this time a most respectable location. The house, a very old one built before 1700, was bought by Father's great-uncle and great-aunts, Alford, Hannah, Ann and Elizabeth Mason, after their father's death, from Thomas Danforth, for their own residence, and here they lived many years. Alford had been living for a time before this purchase with his relative, Squire William Winthrop. In his old age, Alford made over to Grandfather Harris (Thaddeus Mason Harris) his portion — a third — of their property ; † Anne and Elizabeth had died and Hannah alone occupied the old house. Elizabeth had made a will leaving all she possessed to Grandfather, but the will, not

\* Mary Allen was a Protestant Irishwoman, a trusty servant of our mother's, and nurse to Emma. Her sisters, Margaret and Susan, were later, also, servants of our parents, and were most excellent women. Mary had the characteristic wit of her nation.

† Alford, Hannah and Elizabeth all spent a year with Grandfather Harris in his Dorchester home, to be taken care of, and Alford remained there after his sister "Betty's" death until his own, the following year—1831.



"MASON HOUSE"  
(GROUND PLAN).

DRAWN FROM MEMORY BY CHARLES.





having been witnessed, did not stand. Grandfather, having acquired Alford's share, bought out Aunt Hannah's and then settled with Aunt Betty's heirs for her share ; one of these heirs, Aunt Dow, Grandfather's half-sister, gladly relinquished all claims and refused remuneration, writing that she only wished the amount which she thus turned into Grandfather's hands were many times larger. She added that she did not have any of her mother's (Rebecca Mason Harris') silver, of which there was considerable, and though she did not care for any for herself, she should like one piece to transmit to her children, and, if possible, would like the small, round, silver teapot. This, Grandfather assured her, she should have. Father elsewhere describes this teapot as similar to Madam Winthrop's.

Grandfather had already expended quite a considerable amount of money upon the old home, reshingling and otherwise putting it into good order for Aunt Mason's use and comfort, she still occupying it ; but when Father was ready for a Cambridge home, Aunt Mason moved into another house somewhat less old, on its southern side ; a well shared by both homes was just within the Mason lot. Grandfather gave the rent which Father paid him for the home to Aunt Mason to help out her finances—later, he made over this property to Father. *The Mason House*, as the family have always called this dwelling, was a pleasant one, and the garden became under our father's care a perfect bower of flowers. The only fruit tree was a pear-tree on the north side, bearing indifferent fruit, and used to the abundance of her father's garden, mother felt greatly the dearth of fruit which she now encountered. Cambridge gardens boasted no such luxuriance as did those of Dorchester and Milton ; apples and currants indeed were common, but peaches, plums, cherries and fine grapes were rare, and generally all fruits were of inferior quality to those our parents were accustomed to. It was not until the Holyoke Place garden was cultivated that they again walked under trees whose delicious fruitage could remind them of the Milton garden. Mother never forgot those lean years of dearth ; and her contempt for "Cambridge fruit," as experienced the first ten years of her life in that place, lasted through life. She met a pleasant and cordial welcome on her arrival in Cambridge from her husband's associates and their wives.

The College of those days was small indeed and the line between town and gown was tightly drawn ; with few exceptions the college families, comprising those then connected and those of former connection with the college, had little or nothing to do with the families of the town — a condition of affairs which seemed to a newcomer narrow and absurd. But such it was, and so it continued to be for many years, until the population of Cambridge became so large and varied that the lines faded into insignificance. The social life of those early days here was stiff and formal in comparison with that from which our mother had come, and after the first flush of grateful appreciation of the kindly interest and admiration which she and her children excited, Catherine missed to a painful degree the cordial intimate friendship of her former life. Her nearest neighbors were the family of Prof. Sidney Willard, who occupied the Hicks home, still standing (1908) on the opposite side of Dunster St. ; Mr. Foster, an agreeable bachelor in the old home which stood on the northeast corner of Dunster and Mt. Auburn Sts., and who later gave to her mother the lamps which have always stood on our front parlor mantel-shelf. They were bought by him at the sale of Prof. Jared Sparks' household effects after the death of his first wife. Prof. Sales with wife and daughter lived near by on Winthrop Square, and he at once attached himself to the new-comers ; his genial friendship forming a pleasant element in their lives. Mrs. George Nichols used to describe mother to me, as she first saw her at a party in those early Cambridge years. As Mrs. Nichols entered the room—herself a bride—she saw a very pretty lady with large dark eyes sitting very erect and alert on a sofa between two stiff, elderly ones, wearing a most coquettish bow of cherry riband in her brown hair ; she looked so young and girlish, such a contrast to those beside her, that Mrs. Nichols thought her a bride like herself, and found it impossible to believe that she was, as she soon learned, the mother of several children. Cambridge was then a small rural village — not the crowded huddle it is to-day ! Houses were far apart, with generous allowance of land about them, and the beautiful Charles wended its way peacefully through broad, green marshes and meadows to the sea, unblemished and untrammelled by the squalor which had bordered it in later years. It was a pleasant, healthful place, and our parents be-

gan their lives there with a large measure of happiness and hopefulness.

They had been but a few months in the Mason House, and hardly fitted themselves into new grooves, when, on October 2d, the twins, Charles and Catherine, were born, — two beautiful babies instead of the *one* expected! They won a welcome and became a family pride, though the mother's strength hardly fitted itself to the double burden (or, we might well say, triple, as Emma had not learned to walk, though just upon two years old, when the twins arrived), and she was for some time so delicate in health that her condition seriously alarmed her father, who viewed her increasing cares with anxiety and solicitude and would fain have put a limit to them. It was fortunate that life was comparatively simple in its requirements, else how could she, even with all her swift dexterity, have accomplished all her household duties and nursery cares with the thoroughness and propriety which always marked her surroundings! If essentials were supplied by her busy hands, elegances were not withheld. While flowers bloomed in the garden, they, beautifully arranged, added beauty and grace to her simple parlor; and her fine embroidery finished many a little garment for her children.

Years went on; the pleasant old house grew over-full; children increased in number, and cockroaches — mother's abhorrence — continued to swarm — the entomologist and his wife fought valiantly against the beetles in vain, and many amusing stories used to be related of the warfare. Dr. Harris' duties at the Library also increased rapidly and steadily; during the first years of his incumbency they were comparatively light, and he had opportunity for private entomological work, beside classes and lectures in the college and elsewhere, combined with reasonable relaxation. It is pleasant to picture him, reading, as was his custom, in his chair at the open side-door looking on the garden, — going for a butterfly hunt over the pleasant country, — driving to Milton and Dorchester with his wife beside him, — enjoying social life in Cambridge and Boston, and racy talks with the old Frenchman (Prof. Sales), by the fireside — the cheerful laugh of the latter ringing down the quiet street as he made his adieu to host and hostess on the old stone doorstep.

In this home began the long intimacy with the Folsom family,

which truly had its roots farther back, for the father of Mrs. Folsom, Rev. Mr. McKean, had been at an early time the settled pastor of Milton, and thus before coming to Cambridge to become professor of rhetoric had known Dr. Holbrook and his family. Mr. Folsom was a man of culture and genial good fellowship, while his wife was a jewel among women,—of remarkable intellectual ability and beautiful moral character.

While all members of the two families were on pleasant terms, the eldest son Charles was a classmate and chosen friend of Thaddeus; and between Mary and our Kate grew an intimate friendship which had no ending. Norton, the youngest son and skilful physician—ah! our hearts are tender toward him! for he ministered tenderly and devotedly to our mother in her last years, giving to her of his best. Did he not say to me, while helping to make her comfortable the last night—"You *know* I would do anything for her that I would do for my own mother"? Her fine qualities were fully understood and appreciated by him.

Other early friends were Dr. Peek, whose botanical classes, after his decease, Father taught until a successor\* was appointed; Prof. and Mrs. Edward Channing, the Farrars, Wares and Higginmans. Dr. Noyes and Dr. Francis with their families.

Meantime, College was growing, duties were growing, children were growing. Occasionally the mother might be spared for a visit to her father or sisters, and the Milton and Dorchester kindred came in turn to visit her, bringing always joy with them, and carrying back often a borrowed child to pet in their homes. Now came the time when our father felt obliged to give up his horse, and drives to Milton became fewer—a deprivation of much pleasure to both the Cambridge and Milton households, though apparently a necessary curtailment of expenses. It was during one of Catherine's visits to her old home that her little lad, Thaddeus, wrote to her, "You will be glad that I got (at school) what no other boy had—an 8!"

Aunt Mason in the neighboring house was already beginning to be a responsibility for her great-nephew to carry. As yet his father shared the burden which later was to devolve entirely upon the younger man. The children liked to visit the old lady—their great-great-aunt, who doubtless enjoyed their prattle, and treated

\* From 1837 to 1842.

them to cake at will—sweets which afterward had to be paid for from their patient father's purse! She was wont to entertain the élite of the town with dignity and complaisance, but resented an ill-timed visit with closed doors and deaf ears.

Finally the old home was quite outgrown; four children had been born under its roof—Kate, Charles, Holbrook and Clarendon; and now, in 1839, a removal was made to a new house on Linden St., owned by a Mrs. Moore. Catherine hailed the change with rejoicings, but I doubt if her children ever had for this home the love which they felt for the Mason House; perhaps they missed the cosiness of the old, with its quaint fittings and low-ceiled rooms, the greater space and freshness of the new not appealing to them, as to their elders. The father's first task and pleasure was, as usual, to make his garden, later adding to its limitations by hiring an additional bit of land in its rear.

The new baby, Edward Doubleday, born on September 20th of this year, and named for his father's friend and correspondent, the English entomologist, was but a few weeks old, when an alarm of fire rang through the still night, waking the sleeping inhabitants. At last mother's fears were justified; she had long lived in terror of a conflagration in the Mason House, as a stable in the rear was a menace to the neighborhood. And now, a fire beginning there, swept onward, enveloping soon the Mason House in flames. Aunt Hannah Mason, who had moved again into the house when her great-nephew moved out, and was sleeping heavily in her room, was rescued with difficulty by him and Dr. Wyman and carried to the Linden St. house. Dr. Wyman loved to tell in after years of mother's exclamation that night—"Oh, Doctor! think what a loss of life!" meaning the holocaust of cockroaches! It is related that on the following day the ancient lady, Aunt Mason, instead of being prostrated, as was expected, by the excitement and danger of the night, sat in state in our mother's parlor, receiving condolence and congratulations from the aristocracy of Cambridge. The old house was burned to the ground; nothing was left of the structure apparently, but the large stone doorstep, which was some time later transported to Holyoke Place and placed before the verandah of the house which Grandfather Holbrook's means provided for his daughter's home, and which became the last earthly habitation of our dear parents. If the

old stone could speak, what tales it might tell! — not only of colonial and revolutionary days, but of all the many years since — of all the dear feet of kindred and friends for generations that have passed over it!

The most difficult years of Catherine's life were the first ten spent in Cambridge. Separation from her father and old friends with their cheering understanding and sympathy, bore hardly upon her; change to a less exhilarating climate and more formal life were not helps; a constantly increasing family with an income which did not increase with enlarged expenditures — difficulties many and great were hers. Little wonder is it that sometimes the burden was almost too great for the little woman whose girlhood had been accustomed to soft living, wrapt about by her father's tender oversight, and all unused to pecuniary care. When we look back and realize the hard domestic work which was often now her lot—for our mother was proud and strove by her own labor to save her husband's slender purse and be to him a true helpmate, while her rigid integrity never allowed a luxury of service which she felt they could not afford—we wonder little at her occasional discouragement and failures, but with thankful hearts recognize, admire and appreciate the high courage, serenity and cheerfulness which more often prevailed. The era of sewing machines to lighten domestic labor had not dawned; no underclothing for men, women, nor children could be bought ready-made, and hands must be busy indeed to supply the family need. Cotton and linen for sheets, until a later time, were woven so narrow that two breadths were necessary for each sheet, necessitating a seam to be sewed "over and over" the entire length ere it was ready for use—a small thing in itself but meaning considerable added labor in a household. Most, if not all, the winter stockings were of home construction and our mother's needles had to be swift to keep so many little feet comfortable; she continued to knit all of Father's winter stockings as long as he lived. I remember them well as they grew under her skilful fingers in the early evening hours, of fine, soft, gray-blue wool which suited Father's taste. Accustomed as we are to all modern convenience, it is well for us to pause and consider what the absence of them meant to the earlier generation. No gas, nor electricity, nor water save from a well in the yard, no bathrooms with hot and

cold water, set-tubs, wringers, carpet-sweepers, nor furnaces. Indeed, until our parents moved into the Linden St. home, their cooking was done by the open fire, with the accompanying luxury of the "brick oven;" the cooking stove there was considered a wonderful improvement and convenience, as also the kitchen pump which now succeeded the well outside the house.

Let us remember that busied as our mother was with her family, she yet had compassion on the stranger at her gates. To the college had come, as tutor of Greek, through the influence of Prof. Felton and our father, a young Greek from Hartford, by name Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles. He had not been long in Cambridge when our father, missing him, sought and found him in his Holworthy room, quite ill. On going home at noon, he told our mother, with much concern, of the condition of the stranger, which indicated the beginning of a serious illness requiring attendance which there was no one to give. The mother of eight children at once said, "Bring him home and I will take care of him." When brought into the hospitable house he gave into our mother's hands for safe keeping his bag of money—for he had not learned to trust a bank and in simple fashion kept his own little hoard. The physician's fears were released; the illness, which proved to be typhoid fever, was a severe one, and through it Mr. Sophocles was carefully watched and tended by our father and mother. From that time forth he attached himself to them and to their family with fond and loyal friendship. I doubt if any one was ever loved more truly and tenderly by him than was our father;—when he spoke to me of him, a day or two before his death, his voice altered as the dear name passed his lips and the keen eyes warmed and softened. To our father's children, perhaps especially the younger ones, he became a part of the family, frankly and naturally accepted by them as such—they loved him and were beloved as a matter of course, familiar as a playmate from babyhood, his eccentricities were too accustomed to be the annoyance which they sometimes were to the elders,—and his companionship and fidelity were always to be relied upon. Born in the village of Tsangarada in Thessaly, Greece, where his ancestors held for generations the office of chief magistrate of the district, he had many of the strong traits of his race. In early boyhood, his uncle Constantius, revisiting his old home and recog-

nizing in the boy unusual mental ability, carried him with him into Egypt, where he was instructed by his uncle's fellow-monks, and the foundation was laid for the erudition which afterward made him famous. Egypt, Mt. Sinai and the island of Syra all contributed to his early education, and his old master at the latter place bestowed upon him the name of Sophocles in recognition of his good scholarship.

Prof. Sophocles' strong and peculiar personality added much savor to the home life of his Cambridge friend. Tired with the monotony of library duties, our father would, over the dinner table, accept from him a challenge to political argument with avidity and wake into fresh life and intellectual vigor over a discussion, shared by Thaddeus also, with his able opponent, or sympathizer, as the case might be. Friendly disagreement, or concord — it did not matter which, as long as the subject was freely and ably handled. Host and guest were each keen and strongly opinionated and both loved discussion. Prof. Sophocles kept always his Holworthy room, his shell of retirement, but he ate with the Harris family and found his home life with them; he taught the boys to swim and made play with the little ones.

Acquaintances in sending their sons to College were wont to ask for them friendly services of our parents, and many has been the young man welcomed to their home and table, and helped on his way. To Holbrook Fuller, Aunt Fuller's delicate son, mother gave solicitous oversight, and Father his medical care. Many a stranger, seeking advice or help, sought Father at the Library and went on his way encouraged, wisely counselled and not infrequently pecuniarily helped. Far up in the north of Norway, a fellow-traveller on the steamer, finding that I was Dr. Harris' daughter, exclaimed with emotion, "Oh, never in all my life was any one so kind to me as was your father! I was a stranger in a strange land, poor and homesick, and he was so good to me!"

Our father's hand was truly always ready to help kinsfolk or needy stranger; — the former leaned heavily upon him as long as he lived, exacting and accepting with assurance and no gratitude the bounty which he could ill spare. His wife was not one to stay his hand nor refuse to bear her part in the self-sacrifice and embarrassment thus involved, however deeply she might feel the



injustice to her husband and her children caused by these repeated demands.

To the Library came also many distinguished men, and Father brought home, not infrequently, visitors to share the early dinner. Dr. Zimmerman, the entomologist, was one of these, whose repeated visits made him a loved and familiar friend with the children, as well as with the parents.

Once more a family move was decided upon—a site for a new home, which was to be Catherine Holbrook Harris' own house, was chosen, and her father came over from Milton to stand upon the mole which history tells us was the site of an Indian watch-tower before the white man's settlement, and later the place appointed by the guardians of Newtowne for a watch against the red man. Here, on a natural knoll where the house was to be built, the dear grandfather stood and looked at the lovely view which was to be his beloved daughter's; here was to be her new, spacious house, where she should find a comfortable and happy home when his own life was over. I have often thought of the dear old man, standing there, looking with happy eyes over green meadow and marsh to the silvery Charles, with the hills beyond, on which his child's eyes should often rest—reminding her often perhaps of the Neponset meadows and river so dear to him and to her. He did not live to see the house finished, and Catherine could not be with her father in his last days, for her youngest son, Thomas Robinson, was but a few days old when the old man breathed his last. "An old man full of years," but of such vitality, both of mind and body, that he served ably his fellowmen until the last—visiting a patient (Dr. Edward Robbins), who pined for him, the very day before his death, and a few days earlier saved the life of a man, who lived for many years. During the last weeks of Grandfather's life, Aunt Robinson wrote constantly to Catherine, giving minutest details of his daily failing strength, and Aunt Vincent and Cousin William added their bulletins. The end came in the room in which he habitually slept and in which our mother was born. A few days later died his faithful old negro servant, "Old Drew," who took to his bed, heart-broken when his master died, and sending for Aunt Robinson, begged that he might, when his end came, be laid at the door of the Hol-

brook tomb, that he "might lie as near as possible to 'Sir.'" His coffin was placed inside the tomb at the feet of the master whom he had so faithfully loved and served.

Thaddeus was half through his college course at this time, a lad of eighteen. Grandfather had the satisfaction of seeing his Catherine's son acquiring the collegiate education which he had wished for his own son. Harvard College had bestowed upon Dr. Holbrook the degree of Doctor of Medicine, but to the end of his life he never lost sight of the fact that he had not himself received a college education, and he was always diligent in repairing this defect. He gave unremitting attention to all that bore upon his profession—no new medical book nor treatise was allowed to pass by unheeded, and every new theory was thoughtfully examined.

Who can measure our mother's grief at losing her father! Let us drop the curtain.

In November of 1843, the new house was ready for occupancy. How roomy and delightful it must have seemed to the parents and the children alike! It is so familiar to us all that I can have little to describe; in all these many succeeding years it has remained in most essentials unchanged—a bedroom has been transformed into a bathroom and dormer windows have been added to the third story. The sun still pours into its east and south windows as it did in its earliest days; the small linden trees on the west, set out by our father, have grown into noble proportions, originally between them were set locusts which were removed as the lindens gained in size. The natural knoll on which the house was built was rounded and smoothed, making the beautiful terrace, known to us simply as "the bank," but worthy in its best estate of a more impressive name, and below was the garden, with its fruits and flowers. Of the view from the windows, nothing of the early beauty remains—the green marshes and wide meadows have long since been replaced by streets and houses—a swarming settlement hiding from us the winding Charles and opposite hills. Preparations for the first encroachment were made in the last months of our father's life, and rapid changes ensued, sweeping away the encircling beauty of the surrounding territory. It is written that succeeding generations shall see beauty again where all has been so vile. In digging the cellar of the house, Indian earthen vessels were found, and arrowheads occasionally were turned up in

the garden,—great treasures to the finders. The new owners were fortunate in that a few apple trees, the valiant survivors of an ancient orchard,\* remained to supply a generous harvest of fruit for the large family; the monarch of these trees alone bore twelve barrels of apples the “apple year.” The garden was soon stocked with other fruit-trees, cherry, plum, peach and pear, and of course currant and raspberry bushes had their place; neither will we overlook the little larch-tree, which, after a struggling, young life has survived to be the delight of many generations of birds!

The settlement of Grandfather Holbrook’s estate included the sale of his house, for his daughters, Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Gardner, had establishments of their own—Aunt Robinson, a childless widow, would not have wished to occupy alone her father’s house. Aunt Vincent was not in circumstances to justify her in living there, and of course it was impossible for our mother to do so. As none of the family could or would retain the homestead, they considered it a matter of great rejoicing that a member of a family who had long been intimate friends and neighbors should be the purchaser. Mr. John Murray Forbes bought the estate and gave it to his sister, Mrs. Francis Cunningham, who occupied it until her death in 1903. While making small changes from time to time, yet almost everything was kept as it was; she added at one time a small conservatory, which happily she later removed; small bay windows on each side did not improve the external beauty of the house, but made cosy nooks within—these her successor has removed, as not according with the architecture of the house. “A happy home,” Mrs. Cunningham once called it, in telling me that no death had occurred in it during her occupancy—Mr. Cunningham died abroad. According to this, the home was over sixty years unvisited by the angel of death.

After the sale, Aunt Robinson went to Aunt Fuller’s for a while; later she came to live with her beloved Catherine in the Cambridge house, making it her home and occupying the south-east room, so long known to us as “Mother’s room.” One of the earliest remembrances I have is of standing at a window of this room when I was so small that my shoulders were but just above

\* The old orchard extended from our northern boundary to Mt. Auburn St., and in my earliest years Father hired this of Mr. Brown, the owner.

the window-sill, as I stood on the floor and gazed in deep content at the fair garden below, where the upturned "prairie roses" seemed to waft me a joyful recognition from their high shaft.

I don't know when my father bought a lot of land on Cambridge St. to cultivate, nor why, as he needed more room for a vegetable garden, he did not utilize the Mason house lot, except, perhaps, that he liked pastures new. This land, situated a little west of the present public library, was enclosed by a high board fence having gates and key, and went by the name of "the farm." Here we delighted to go and spend some hours; sometimes I, the baby, would be helped on the way by a lift in the tipcart or wheelbarrow, trundled by one of Morris O'Conner's men employed to dig, weed and plant. Father would accompany the cavalcade and set the men to work, leaving us to go to the Library; perhaps Clarendon would be left with the oversight of "the children," as Edward, Rob, and I were called, and to do himself some light task like gathering the fine, red, sour cherries, of which mother made a delicious preserve. Clarendon, big and imperious, made short work of ordering us and the men about, provoking laughter with the raillery which accompanied his bluff commands. Rob, who had horticultural ambitions and vibrated between choosing for his future the career of lawyer or that of a farmer, industriously cultivated a small patch which Father set aside for him. In the home garden we each, Edward, Rob and I, and later Sai, had a little plot for which Father supplied encouragement, seeds and plants (I can yet feel the rapture with which I met my first blossoming balsam!), but I certainly had no corner in the farm—and felt no want, for when the gates of the high fence were locked with us inside, we felt we owned a principality set aside from the world; and no Robinson Crusoe felt more joy in his island than did we in our little green world, over which I rambled at will. One window of a white house on our boundary line alone overlooked our solitude, where hung a large cage containing a parrot, beside which a negress with gayly turbaned head sometimes appeared. These seemed, to my childish imagination, part of the belonging of the farm, as delightful as it was strange. I remember once, in returning from a morning at the farm, we discovered in crossing a low field a patch of cranberry plants in blossom and brought home to mother our hands full of the pretty white and pink

flowers. She delightedly received our offering and arranged the blossoms for the parlor, calling Father to admire with her their delicate beauty.

The dear old house ! we often say—but I as often think of it as the new, pleasant home in which father and mother settled down to enjoy their own,—pleasant within, pleasant without,—and most suitable for them. From Grandfather Holbrook his Catherine had, as her share of his estate, her home and a little property beside, enough to make a great difference in her life. Our father also had inherited something from his loved and honored father, who died three months after Dr. Holbrook's death. So they came into the new home with greater pecuniary ease than they had hitherto had—which meant ease of mind as well as ease of body for both these dear people. How much they enjoyed the freedom of space about them ! Father, indeed, never ceased to wish for “a home in the middle of a ten-acre lot” ;—his own early home in Dorchester, called Mt. Ida, was of seven and a half acres, where the house occupied the centre, but he certainly joyfully and frankly enjoyed that which was his and his wife's. The view from the south windows satisfied his artistic sense, the sunshine which flooded the rooms in winter, warmed and cheered him ; he would draw a chair into the parlor window and bask delightedly in the warmth, chilled as he was with the absence of sun at the Library.

He passed busy evenings often, in “the study,” writing into the small hours, or joined wife and children by the cheerful wood-fire in the parlor, when Harriet's guitar and his own flute and flageolet made sweet music — sweetest of all was his own baritone voice, in which he sang to his children hymns, or old ballads. One of the many happy remembrances of my childhood is that of early evening hours, when, with his family about him round the hearth, or on the verandah, Father would devote himself to their pleasure. In the autumn twilight, feeding the parlor fire with brush from the garden, he told his younger children—and he was a prince of story-tellers—tales of his own childhood. I can see Aunt Dolly now, as he described her while I watched the brush change to flame in the fireplace—arrayed in a little green silk gown, dancing a minuet ; it was a part of our grandmother's code that the children of gentle-people should early be taught to dance, and our

father occasionally, with great drollery, gave us a specimen of the fashion of dancing which prevailed in his childhood. He was as supple and graceful at fifty-five as a youth could be—cut “pigeon wings,” took intricate steps with perfect ease.

Serious subjects had their time and place;—with his father’s seal in his hand, our father told us the story of his father’s early boyhood; the hardships which followed the death of Capt. William Harris from camp fever, when his little family were left desolate and impoverished by the vicissitudes of the war-time; the struggling youth of his delicate, talented son, our grandfather of blessed memory; the strange finding of the signet ring bearing the motto, “God speed thee, friend,” when he was at the lowest ebb of discouragement,—the strong appeal it made to the youth’s devout nature and its influence through life. Father told the tale with a simple eloquence which thrilled our hearts, and impressed his words upon our memory.

Two little girls were born in the new home—the eleventh and twelfth children to our mother,—how weary the dear woman must have been of babies and their care! After the birth of Sarah her condition was very delicate, but she eventually regained her usual good health—good, clean, healthy Holbrook grit was hers! both of body and mind. What a mine of common sense the little woman had—surely no one ever had more! As a friend lately said to me, “*How keen she was!*” Honest, upright, with a contempt for meanness,—her children knew well that, though she would be most gentle, loving and compassionate in forgiving all accidents, scathing reproof would surely reward him who was guilty of deceit or meanness. She never used many words, but the few told! To owe a debt was unendurable,—right was right and wrong was wrong; there was no pleasant, easy, middle-course recognized by her honest soul. If she had, as she said at the end, no large portion of worldly goods to leave to her children, she left them a noble example of a brave, upright, honorable life, for which they may well thank God. It would have been well if she had brought up her children with greater regard for money, or we will say with a just estimate of its worth and place in life. This was one of mother’s mistakes—one defect in her wisdom, brought about perhaps by seeing and feeling the undue amount of respect which Aunt Gardner paid to wealth, and she failed to recognize that

prudence in acquiring here a necessary place need not necessitate parsimony. Worldly wisdom is not to be neglected in the upbringing of a family.

Dear Thaddeus, mother's eldest son, was of man's estate when the little girls were born, and all the older daughters and sons were rapidly reaching toward womanhood and manhood, a goodly flock! the home was filled with lively, healthy, young life, and the parents might well look about them with pleasant pride. The elder girls gave a helping hand with the younger children, and Thaddeus and Charles petted the baby girls to their hearts' content; the elder of the little girls spent many an hour in Thaddeus' "study" while Edward and Rob were at school—playing quietly, content with occasional word, or a few minutes' devotion from time to time from Thaddeus—sharing his luncheon perhaps, or reverently handling his treasures under his careful oversight. If he were in Boston, Prof. Sophocles was the chosen companion, beside whom she trotted about the garden while he dug, planted, and pruned in the portion of garden called his nursery, and told stories of his native land to the little child at his side,—whom he afterward described as "the most reticent child he ever knew,"—a reticence which apparently didn't interfere with his affection.

I have frequently heard my mother say that for several years, thirteen sat daily at her dining table—this included Prof. Sophocles. One or another of the elder children would spend a season at their Grandmother Harris' in Boston, to attend schools or classes. When visitors were present, to make room at table, a child or two would be relegated to seats by the window, a location not unwelcome to them, offering as it did, a little more license and diversion. Visitors truly were frequent! There were Father's especial guests; "Aunt Fanny Swift" came for long visits, mother's kins-people the Paysons, for shorter ones; dear Cousin Ellen Vincent, nieces from Grandmother Harris' household, a few old Milton and Dorchester intimates, Henry Denny, Anne Caroline Everett—all were made welcome to the pleasant home, and hospitable board, whose good fare did credit to Holbrook training and the skill of the hostess's own hand.

It was not long before the older boys began to push out into the world. Holbrook went into Boston, Charles went West to

begin his career of civil engineer, and Clarendon followed. Doubtless the parents had many fears and anxieties as their boys left the home shelter, but their time had come to prove themselves.

Our Aunt Robinson had died in February of 1847 and Aunt Fuller passed away the following June. Catherine Holbrook's children were very fond of these aunts—to the younger ones, Aunt Fuller became rather a tradition of what the elders had had; to these latter she and her hospitable home had been joys indeed, which the younger ones knew not. Aunt Robinson, thirty years older than her sister Catherine, had been to her always a kind and wise friend as well as elder sister; a member for some time of her household she was most deeply mourned by her and all her family. Neither Aunt Robinson nor Aunt Fuller left any descendants. Of Grandfather Holbrook's children three now remained living, Aunt Gardner, Aunt Vincent and our mother. The family ties were strong—even with Aunt Gardner—ill would have fared any one who suggested that there was but “half blood” between her and her younger sisters. There were never any gaps in the intercourse of these families; Aunt Gardner's fat horses easily trotted to Cambridge—and never in joys, or sorrows, were Aunt Vincent's family far from our mother. Aunt Denny too was always loyal, and her presence in the household was always a pleasure. I remember well the exhilaration of the visits, and can see my mother now, in her pretty afternoon dress, going out quickly to the steps to gladly welcome Aunt Gardner, or Aunt Denny, as their carriage rolled up. The former was blind in her old age, but entirely retained all other faculties,—and what long pockets she had! her whole arm, as well as her handsome hand, would seem to disappear as she explored their depths.

A few days spent in Dorchester with a sister was always a restorative to mother, and one which she could more often enjoy as years rolled on. An omnibus ride into Boston, with exchange into the Dorchester coach at Franklin St., would carry her from Cambridge to Dorchester not uncomfortably, and with the chance of meeting old friends en route in the intimacy of the old fashioned omnibus.

The time had come too, when our mother could join her husband in an occasional little journey, leaving Harriet, or later, “Aunt Fanny Swift,” to guide the household. She has often



spoken of Father as the most delightful of travelling companions. He played well ;—throwing off all the cares and anxieties of every day life, he would throw himself into all the interests and novelties of travel with the enthusiasm and fun of a boy out of school,—taking all discomforts easily and finding charm at every turn. Who so joyous as he when on a butterfly or beetle hunt ! Or so enchanted if a rare flower were found ! He had a beauty loving soul and feasted on a beautiful view with deepest satisfaction. Mother entered into the spirit of these infrequent little journeys with profound pleasure—taking them indeed with a quiet composure which did not conceal the real participation in her husband's zest. Inheriting as he did, preëminently, his beautiful mother's traits which made for apparent sternness and formal courtesy, he yet possessed something of the paternal inheritance—the enthusiasms and joyous delight (these, in the grandfather were coupled with an extraordinary vivacity even to old age), which through all routine-work never failed to spring forth to the call of nature, never slumbered too profoundly to awaken to the least call of interest. The holidays came all too seldom, for with every year Father's work at the Library grew heavier, hours of relaxation were fewer—more and more frequently were the evening hours, as well as the daytime devoted to clerical work. Poor economy indeed on the part of the College to limit assistance and wear out "the accomplished librarian" ! but Library funds were small in those days—let us in charity remember it—and our father was far too patient. His longest vacation never exceeded ten days—small chance indeed to repair the strain of constant work and indoor confinement !

I can remember that he laid aside the flageolet, saying that "it needed longer breath," and that as he held me within his arm, I felt, and wondered at the rapid beating of his heart. His wife's keen eyes saw the need of rest—the waning strength, and she quietly supplied what helps she could,—quiet for morning sleep—nourishment after long hours of evening work—thoughtfulness in many little ways which he could feel and yet not be worried by. Oh she was wise—that dear little woman ! Looking back over years and events, I recognize how wise she often was in her household, in *passing over*—at times I wondered at her silence, but years have taught me to recognize and appreciate her finer perception.

In the after-supper hour of the last year or two, of our parents' life together, Father would often move his chair across the hearth to his wife's side and sit awhile beside her with her hand in his; it was not for long that either had leisure for idleness, but happy was it for them both to take this little hour together. And it is sweet to remember.

It was after Harriet had married and the brothers had gone forth, that dear Thaddeus' call had come to go—not into the world's struggle, but to the "Sweet and Blessed Country that eager hearts expect." His passing left a tender memory, and an empty place in the household—one never filled, though the mother realized that for her dear son all was well.

The winter that Father died, our country had a wonderful ice storm. A rain-fall with falling temperature coated everything with ice, while the weather remained so intensely cold during three days that, even at noon, nothing melted; it was a scene of wonderful enchantment, a glistening, sparkling fairyland, with blue skies and brilliant sun. There has never been anything like it since then. Father, who was ill at that time, moved from window to window in his wheel-chair, to view the beautiful scene with admiration, and some apprehension lest the weight of ice should injure the trees; nothing in the garden, however, was injured save the arbor-vitæ tree which lost its top. As the breeze moved the branches, the ice tinkled and clashed, making weird sounds—it was a strange condition, yet wonderfully beautiful.

Soon after this, there was a great fall of snow. A deep, white covering lay all over the land when our dear father died suddenly in January (1856), and he was borne between walls of snow to his resting place beside Thaddeus, in a tomb of the old Cambridge Burying Ground. More able hands than mine have written our father's memoir, but the story of his wife's love and sorrow is written only in the hearts of her children. She was left as was her grandmother, Jerusha, with a family to guide and care for—the elder ones were started on their own career, and there was a good son-in-law to help with kindly advice, but in the family-home were still several, who were but children, needing a father's guidance. She had to rouse from the grief and shock of her husband's death to consider ways and means, for lacking his salary,

she was now dependant solely upon their small income. Her sure and able hand took up her sceptre, expenses were at once cut down and she set herself to her task bravely. Happily there was no bitterness in her grief and her great loss called forth the devotion of her children who gathered more closely about her. The Dorchester kindred were full of warm sympathy. Uncle Vincent, kind and practical, at once assured her that her coalbins should never be empty, and with grim determination took it upon himself to read the rich Clarissa a lesson on her duty to her sister Catherine. This generous, warm-hearted man gave an injunction on his death-bed to his wife and daughter to "always look out for Catherine"—he had for her always much appreciative admiration, as well as protecting sympathy. The executive power, which our mother possessed in considerable measure, sustained the discipline of her household—wheels moved quietly and comfort was evolved. I am sure that she very soon began to take satisfaction in the consciousness that she was capable of managing affairs and should succeed. The first year of her widowhood was undoubtedly hard, but she won through it, making the ends meet, and thus having proved that what was doubtful, could be possible, went on her way with cheerful courage. In the household the father was indeed missed, but the spirits of youth are elastic, and soon jest and laughter sounded through the house—as it was meet they should.

The grandmother, Jerusha, knew the excitement, hardships, sorrows and bereavement of the Revolutionary War, and lived into a period of peace and security. So Catherine, her grandchild, lived through another great war which shook the country from end to end—her youngest son went twice into the struggle—and all, whether in the field, or faithful to duty and country at home, felt the great throes which well nigh wrecked the nation. At length she could rejoice that her husband was beyond this great pain. I heard her tell Dr. Wyman, with a shudder, that she was thankful he was spared it. She took up the needles which had been laid aside, and knitted again—not for her own brood, but for the feet of unknown soldiers—scraped lint and rolled bandages as she had been taught in her youth by her father. Perhaps a son may remember the American flag which she made with her own hands, to fly from our house!

Closely connected with our father and his family was one member of his kindred who was very dear to him and his; this was his cousin, Sarah Brinley Nicholson (her mother was Elizabeth Henshaw Harris, one of the twin sisters of his father). Her husband, Mr. Nicholson, was intrusted with a good deal of the family business; he became financially embarrassed, and soon after our father's death, gave up his Boston residence, and with his wife moved to Cambridge, where he boarded with Mrs. Plimpton in the "Bishop's Palace," occupying rooms on the second floor. Here Cousin Sarah vivaciously welcomed her Harris cousins, sang and played to the younger ones—she was a good musician, and endeared herself to all. Cousin Sarah was always a welcome visitor to our mother, and was wont to come in in the latter part of the day for a chat with her, and almost a frolic with the children. In her younger days she had had occasional hours of depression, but after her husband's misfortunes, her lively disposition got the better of this weakness and she was never known as other than cheerful and hopeful. I admired her immensely—her bright, blue eyes, pink and white complexion and gayety of manner! and I think she was genuinely fond of us all; her residence in Cambridge was a real pleasure to mother. She died in 1861, I think, and her grave may be seen with those of her husband's family in the old burying ground at Plymouth, on the hill from whence the Pilgrims watched for sails from home.

The war was drawing to a close when our mother took under her shelter with tender love, her two orphan grand-daughters, the children of her daughter Harriet. With them returned Kate, who had mothered the little girls since their mother's death, and had lived with them and their father, Prof. George Phillips Bond, at the Observatory of which he was director; he died nine years after our father's death. With our mother also at this time, were Emma, Clarendon, Edward and his young wife, Elizabeth and Sarah. A few months later Clarendon married and went permanently to Chicago, while in due course of time Edward made a home for himself and his wife, whom his mother loved as a daughter, in Sparks St., later removing to Saratoga. Hereafter the mother had but daughters and grand-daughters with her as a family.

There was to be one more birth in the old home—on July 18th,

1881, was born a daughter to Catherine's youngest daughter, Sarah, who had happily married Lewis Mayer Hamilton. He was loved by our mother, and made himself a place in the hearts of all the family, as they grew into knowledge and loving appreciation of the strength and beauty of his character. Cousin Ellen was with Sarah when Bertha was born—her mother, dear Aunt Vincent, had but just gone home to her father—dear, good woman she was! possessed of a thoroughly sweet, wholesome nature—good to live with. She resembled in some respects her father, but was of a more silent disposition. Her doors were always open to her sister Catherine's children and she would have gladly adopted one or more into her home, if their father would have parted with them. Our mother was now the only survivor of Grandfather Holbrook's children.

Years moved on pretty smoothly; weekly letters from absent sons and daughter at a distance, kept the mother in touch and sympathy with them, while Charles and Holbrook were near enough to see her frequently. From all her sons, mother received most affectionate devotion; her knowledge of their clean, upright lives was the jewel in her crown of thankfulness. Visits, long or short, from the sons and daughter and their families, were now glad episodes in her life, and long will be remembered the Thanksgiving and Christmas gatherings when she moved among her children and grandchildren with serene pleasure. Her son Edward was able for many years to materially and generously add to her income—giving her last years a gracious ease. Among the friends of her children and grandchildren who visited at the home in the later years are those who will not forget the serene old lady in her seat by the fireside, who had for them so kind a welcome—so generous a hospitality.

Never at any age garrulous, she grew more quiet and reserved with years. In fatigue or anxiety it was her wont to take refuge in silence:—this was sometimes misunderstood for depression which most assuredly it was not. I almost never heard our mother utter a word of self commiseration, or discouragement; perhaps she was too proud for this—or rather had she not too high a courage to stoop to complain! We must feel that her strong personality was not without influence on those about her.

The mother had great delight in visiting her married sons.

Seated at the windows of Charles' summer home at Sandy Cove, Cohasset, she would watch the ocean with pleasure, and look on at the life about her with amused interest. The journeys to her son Edward's successive homes in Saratoga, Brooklyn and Yonkers, were always undertaken with keen pleasure—travelling was interesting to her and she enjoyed her yearly visits as long as she lived; the last one was during the last summer of her life, when she spent the month of July at Yonkers, enjoying the visit as usual. Emma returned with her as did also Rob, who spent August with her in the old home—little dreaming that he should not see her again.

The following month (September) was spent at Marblehead Neck in company with her two daughters; here, her windows overlooked the harbor and seated beside them with book or work in hand she took rare pleasure in watching the numerous sailboats fitting about. It was a peaceful, happy time—made happier by meeting Miss Emma Forbes Cary and talking with her about the dear, old Milton people; she received also a visit from her cousin, Mr. Edward Payson, who, learning that she was at the Neck, drove over from Salem to see her,—she ran out to greet him as actively as a girl!

The return to Cambridge was made on a gloriously bright, late September morning—and as she stood on the veranda after dinner—the little borders gay with flowers, she exclaimed, "Oh, Elizabeth! we have not seen anything prettier than this!" She seemed wonderfully bright and well when her daughter Kate and the grand-daughters, who had been in Europe all summer returned home a few days later. Letters from them during that time, and constant correspondence with Cousin Ellen and her daughters, who had been a year abroad, had been a source of great interest and pleasure, while their promised return the following spring was confidently looked forward to. All conditions seemed to promise well for a good winter when alas! a sudden cold taken late in October, which narrowly escaped being pneumonia, quite exhausted the summer's gain in strength and made a heavy inroad upon our mother's vitality—the change was very great. Every precaution was taken to guard against further loss and to preserve the slender remaining thread of strength during the following weeks.

The Yonkers and Cumberland families were coming home, and Charles and Holbrook's families, and friends, were to gather as usual in the old home for Christmas with the mother. All preparations were made with infinite care for the mother's ease and pleasure, that she should have one more happy re-union with children and grand-children, without let or hindrance. The tree was ordered and the Christmas greens, and the absent ones were starting for Cambridge when she was suddenly again taken ill, this time with an affection of the glands; Edward and his wife and children arrived to find her confined to her bed. For a few days the doctor gave hope of a rally—the disease was conquered at the end of a week, but the brave heart had done its work and she suddenly and peacefully passed from this life on the morning of December twenty-fourth, 1887. As she lay on her little bed and the signs of the week's pain faded away, she looked singularly young and girlish—I could but think of Dr. Holbrook's little daughter Catherine, who had been so fair in his eyes!

Christmas fell on Sunday that year, and the family celebration was to be on Monday. In the parlor where our mother was on that day to have welcomed her Christmas guests, she lay in the peace and majesty of death, while the funeral service was held. No strangers took part in the office—friends who were to have been her guests officiated both at the house and at the grave, where in the soft, falling snow, she was laid reverently by the side of her husband—her son Robinson covering the casket with flowers ere the sod fell upon it—his last gift to his mother.

"DRESDEN,  
January 9th, 1888.

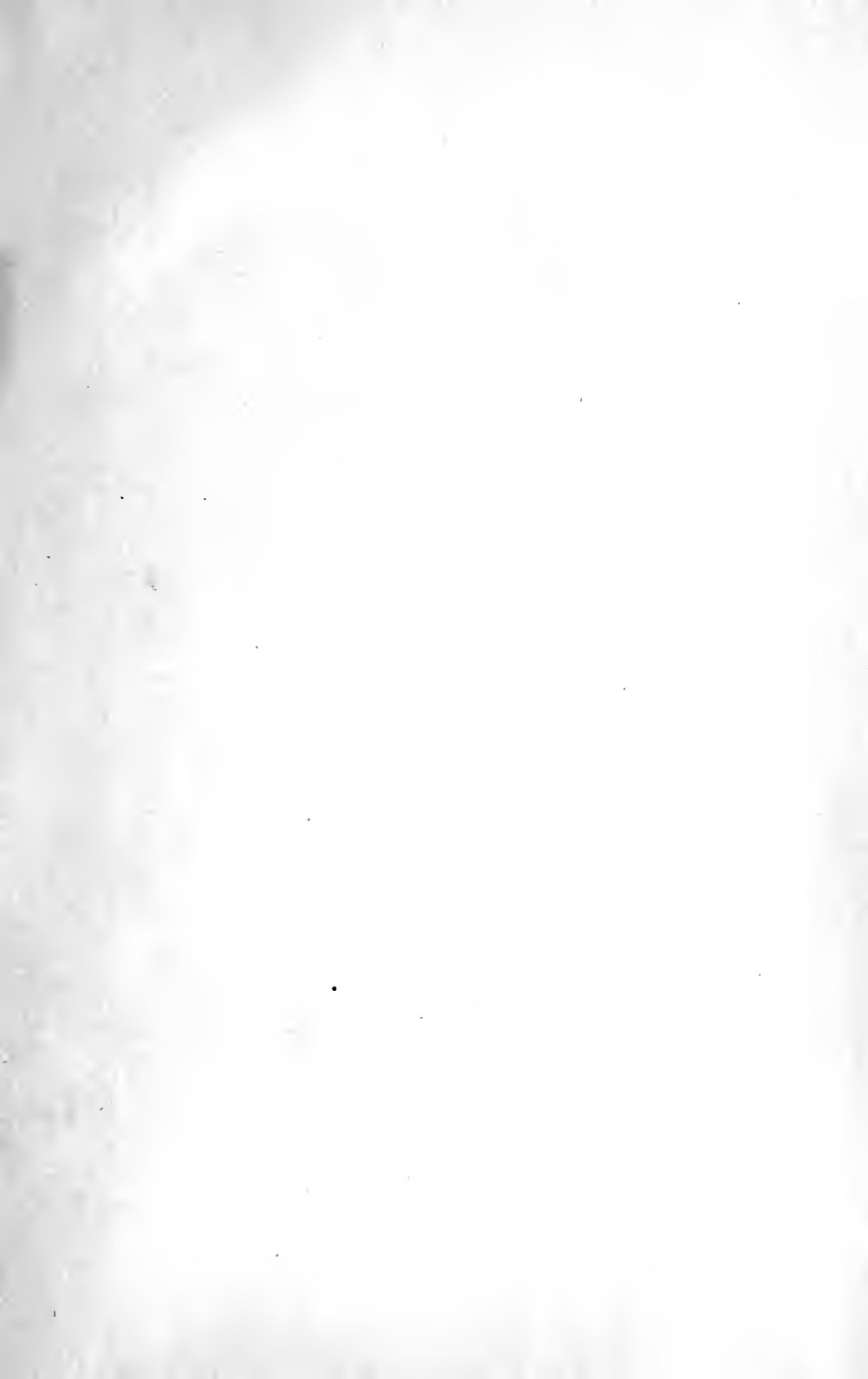
MY DEAR GIRLS—

What can I say to comfort you? I feel as though words were powerless. I received dear Lizzie's letter so joyously—to be turned so soon into sorrow—though from the tenor of her letters I felt I might find my dear Aunt more feeble in body—yet whenever we have thought of coming home, it was to speed at once to her for a welcome greeting—oh! I did so hope she would be spared to us a little while longer—what shall I do without those dearly looked for letters? How I shall miss them—how many years I have loved her—I look back to her wedding day—I clearly remember all about it. We all feel it the greatest loss we could have met with. The children were very very fond of her and always enjoyed so much when she was with us. I am thankful she was spared a long suffering illness—and how happy for you all to be at home and able to minister to her wants. How strange it seems that I should be so far away at this time. I cannot write any more—nothing could have taken such a power over me—yesterday I was entirely prostrated and useless—how strange it was, the day she was looking forward to with so much interest, to the children assembling and the gayly dressed tree, there should be in those same rooms, such a mournful gathering. \* \* \*

You know how truly we all feel for you, and with you—

Affectionately,  
COUSIN ELLEN."









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